一頁水山

A PAGE
Of Rill and Hill

木樨颜 著
Poems by Brent Yan

谢 利 译
Translated by Li Xie

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About the Author

Brent O. Yan, original name as Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu (Confucius' birthplace), is a poet and translator who lives in Jinan and usually publishes his translations under the name of Brent O. Yan. He is a PhD candidate of Beijing Foreign Studies University, associate professor of Shandong University of Political Science and Law, vice-chairman of Chinese Poetry Association, vice-chairman of East-West Association of Artists, councilor of the Chinese Society of Comparative Study of Civilizations, member of Chinese Information Processing Society of China, member of Writers Association of Shandong Province of China, guest editor of the World Poets Quarterly, Translation Editor-in-Chief of Poetry Hall, vice editorial director of Northeast Asia Forum on Foreign Languages, Business Translation and assistant secretary general of Northeast Asia International Symposium on Linguistics, Literature and Teaching. He has published 10 translated books, more than 20 academic papers and hundreds of pieces of poem translation, modern poems and poems of ancient Chinese styles, which can be seen in Poetry Magazine, World Poets Quarterly, Tianjin Poets, New Poetry, Square Poetry Magazine, Jiangnan Poetry, Poetry Hall, etc. and anthologies like Anthology of Chinese Poetry and Two-year Book of Poetry: an Introduction to Contemporary Chinese Poetry. In 2012 he won the annual "International Best Translator" Award issued by International Poetry Translation and Research Center (IPTRC). And in 2016 he was awarded "Best Translator" in Contemporary Chinese Poetry Award. In 2017 he worked as a translator for International Festival of Poetry and Liquor, rendering into Chinese the works of Jack Hirschman, Mein Celal and Kerry Shawn Keys.

一页水山

A Page of Rill and Hill

木樨颜
Brent Yan

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木樨颜　著 | 谢　利　译

一页水山

遨游水山间穿越時空一萬年風雲
在中攜
漢俳一首
賀顏海峰先生《一頁水山》出版姜德年

关于译者

谢利 / LI XIE

谢利，1991 年生于四川成都，长于青海西宁和广东深圳，中学时期前往加拿大生活，高中毕业后回国，本科就读于深圳大学外国语学院英语系，已被哈佛大学教育研究生院录取为硕士研究生。曾参加世界青年大会，并获得美国预修课程英语语文考试及托福考试满分。曾获得深圳鹏程奖学金、深大外国语学院 Spelling Bee 拼字大赛冠军等奖项。业余期间，曾摸索尝试古诗英译，并积累了 800 余首韵译、散译、素体译诗习作。译诗散见于《诗殿堂》、英国 Acumen 等刊物【培根散文汉译一篇，英语世界只是审核通过，还未发表】。2019 年担任《诗殿堂》编辑，2020 年起担任《诗殿堂》执行主编。

Born in 1991 in Chengdu, Sichuan Province, Li Xie was raised in Xining, Qinghai Province, and then in Shenzhen, Guangdong Province. After moving to Canada during his middle school years, he took up the challenge of learning English, and after high school graduation enrolled at the Shenzhen University School of Foreign Languages as an undergraduate English major, expected to graduate in 2020; he was recently admitted as a master's student at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. Li has participated in the World Youth Congress, and received full scores on the AP English Language examination and the Test of English as a Foreign Language (TOEFL). As a student, Li has received awards such as Shenzhen's Pengcheng Scholarship, and was Spelling Bee champion at the SZU School of Foreign Languages. In his spare time, he took up translating Chinese classical poetry into English three years ago, with now over 800 practice pieces translated in rhymes, free verse, and blank verse. Some of Li's translations have been published in magazines including Poetry Hall and Acumen, and he serves as Associate Editor for Poetry Hall since 2019, and Executive Editor since 2020.

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《一页水山》序

中国古诗作为一种集意象、音韵、节奏和情感于一体的文学体裁，特别能体现一个人的中文素养和道德情怀；而能把古诗译成地道的传统英诗，则更体现了译者学跨中西的中英文素养和跨文化交际能力。海峰博士的“古诗辑录”恰恰体现了他中西结合，贯通中英诗歌的努力与尝试。

客观而言，能在当下浮躁的追逐名利的社会现实中，能坚守自己的挚爱而不放弃，并数十年如一日笔耕不辍，将平时积累的作品积攒成册，并尝试译介西人，用诗歌这种形式分享自己的情感与经历，在青年一辈学人中并不多见，因此显得弥足珍贵。

古语云：诗工于穷。意即只有身处困境或逆境才会与诗歌相伴，也只有在这种情境下才会出诗歌精品。从海峰博士的《一页水山》中印证了这个观点。从中不难看出，海峰少年意气风发，但又囿于现实，不免无奈、怒吼与彷徨。当然诗歌也是一种记录作者当时情感故事和历程的一种文学手段，从中也可窥见其情感历程和情感故事。这需要读者有一双敏锐的慧眼。当然，也许看似情诗的亦未必是情诗，也许是诗人卖个关子，故意让读者产生误读。因此，从某种意义上讲，

Preface to *A Page of Rill and Hill*

Classical Chinese poetry, a literary genre integrating image, rhyme, rhythm and emotion, is a gauge for a person's attainments in the Chinese language and his moral character. His proficiency in both English and Chinese languages as well as his cross-cultural communication skills are more irrefutably manifested in his adeptness of translating classical Chinese poetry into English. *A Page of Rill and Hill* by Dr. Haifeng Yan (Brent O. Yan, or B.O.Y) is one of the examples of such effort in integrating Chinese and western cultures and attempting to present Chinese poetry by way of English poetry.

In this frivolous social environment where pursuit of fame and fortune prevails, it is rare and invaluable of one who perseveres in something he loves, keeps on writing for decades, handpicks his works for the book in order to introduce them to the westerners. To share his own feelings and experiences by feat of poetry is courageous and admirable.

An old saying goes: "Excellent poems come after the poet has gone through adversity, trauma and hardship." Hard circumstances seem to be a necessary refining process through which a poet tempers himself for excellent poems. *A Page of Rill and Hill* by Brent proves this point of view obviously. Readers can find in his poems that he was once a high-spirited boy, but experienced loss and desperation, and was confined by the unfavorable situation at the time. Naturally, poetry is a kind of literary device to record the poet's emotional stories and experiences, which can only be identified by those readers with keen eyes. Perhaps what seems to be a love poem is not actually what it is. It could be that the poet wants to keep readers in suspense, or maybe he seeks to make readers misunderstood the poem deliberately. Therefore, the poems, in a sense, can

诗人的诗只可欣赏，不可解读，因为诗在某种程度上只属于诗人自己，这是指诗歌创作的缘起、目的和所指，这是隐私的，只有诗人明白诗背后的故事、诗歌意象的所指、诗歌中蕴含的情绪为何。越是看似简单的诗，越容易具有欺骗性，正如弗罗斯特所说，隐喻即是诗的全部，简单深邃才是诗的灵魂。所以诗一经解读，即是错误。

但诗歌的美学价值是开放的，越是好诗，越是暗藏多种隐喻、象征、影射和暗指，如果诗人不揭示，没有副文本的说明，仅凭读者的猜测，只会南辕北辙，诗人听完解读，只会哑然一笑。正是诗歌背后意义的开放性才使诗歌这种文学体裁有着数千年的旺盛生命力，诗人们纷纷借用这种艺术形式，隐晦自己的真情实感，近取诸物，远涉他事（人），形成了诗歌的复义性，正是这种复义性构成了诗歌的美学价值所在。这部诗集从所记叙的内容、事件和人物上属于颜海峰博士私人自己所有，但其诗性美学价值却属于人类共同的情感经历。

该诗集虽谓古诗，但其中也不乏几首现代诗和词牌的创作。可见作者不囿于一种诗歌创作形式，尝试多元创作的努力。创作贵在多变，才能激发不同的新意，才能展现不同的情绪。我当年闲暇时也曾刷几笔古诗，一来为了记录当时的心境和情感历程，同时也为翻译锤炼自己的文笔。后来发现仅创作古诗，创作之路还是未免过于狭窄，影响自己的情感表达，于是尝试创作现代诗和英诗，每一次尝试其实都是一种突破，

only be appreciated but not be interpreted, because to some extent, poetry only belongs to the poet himself and its origin, purpose and implications in terms of the poetic creation are private. Only the poet himself knows the story behind the poem, what the poetic image refers to, and the mood implied in the poem. The simpler the poem is, the more deceptive it seems. Just as Robert Frost said, metaphor is the whole of the poem, while simplicity and profoundness are the spirit of the poem. Therefore, it is doomed to be misunderstood, when the poem is interpreted.

However, as the aesthetic value of poetry is open, the better a poem is, the more diverse metaphors, symbolism, insinuation, and allusions it conceals. If the poet does not reveal anything with sub-text, readers, relying only on the arbitrary guess, will be likely to go astray with their interpretations which would make the poet laugh. It is the openness of substances behind poetry that makes this literary genre vigorous for thousands of years. Numerous poets use this artistic form to obscure their true feelings and draw on everything nearby to imply other things afar (or other people). As such, the ambiguity of poems come into being. It is the ambiguity that constitutes the aesthetic value of poetry. The content, events and characters in this poetry collection belong to Brent Yan himself, but its poetic aesthetic value herein belongs to the common emotional experience of human beings.

Although this collection mainly consists of poems in classic forms including tunes of Ci poems, there are also some of modern styles. It shows that the poet is not confined to only one poetic form but he attempts a diversity in poetic forms. It is important that only when creation remains changeable, should creative ideas be inspired, and different emotions be revealed. In my spare time, I used to write some poems of ancient classical forms, not only to record my mood and emotional experiences of the moment, but also to refine my writing for translation purpose. Later, I found that the way to poetic creation by means of classical forms too restrictive for me to express my emotions. Given this, I tried to write

每次尝试都会有收获，可以收获不同的心得。

同时在部分诗歌的前面，作者增加了诗歌的背景介绍，让读者知其背景，避免误读；让自己若干年后看到此诗能回忆起当时创作的语境，勾起浪漫的回忆。这些诗歌之外的副文本对于研究诗歌作者的写作背景，挖掘作者的创作情感有着至关重要的作用。

从该诗集的译诗风格上看，在用韵上基本沿袭了传统英诗的用韵方式，比如押尾韵，或隔行押韵，或 AABB 式韵，或一韵到底；但在节奏方面，译诗却显得相对自由，并没有按照传统英诗的步数或抑扬格来做，而是按照原诗的节奏来安排，实现了中英传统诗歌共核的照顾——照顾音韵，不拘音步，根据原诗的节奏和顿数来安排节奏。同时在译诗的体例上，如题目的翻译、字词的使用和意象的再现上，也不难看出译者尽量模仿英诗尽量向传统英诗靠拢的归化主义翻译策略，旨在让译入语文化读者增加亲切感，避免陌生化，达到较好的跨文化交际作用。

诗歌作为一种跨文化、跨民族、跨国界的高级文学形式，其意象性、音乐性、节奏性和情感性在这部诗集中得到了几乎完美的体现，是颜海峰博士 30 余年诗歌创作精华的集中呈现，是其文学造诣和英文功底的综合反映，同时也是其 30 余年人生、情感、生活、学习的美好回忆。希望读者在欣赏这些诗歌之余，也能感受到一个颜回后人的真才学、真性情和

modern poems and English poems. Each attempt was a breakthrough, and each attempt would yield different results.

In this collection, the author has added background introductions to some of the poems to help readers understand their ambience and avoid misreading. It is also useful for the poet himself to recall the context of writing, and to revisit long-lost romantic memories, when he sees these poems again years later. These sub-texts are of great importance to the study of the author's writing background and the exploration of his emotional experiences.

From the perspective of the translation style of this poetry collection, it basically follows the way of traditional English poetry in terms of rhyme, such as end rhyme, alternate rhyme, AABB rhyme, or AAAA. However, in the aspect of rhythm, translated versions seem relatively free. Instead of following the meters or iambs of traditional English poems, they are arranged according to the rhythm of the original poem, which strike a compromise between traditional Chinese and English poetry -- focusing on rhyming phonology, ignoring meters, and arranging the rhythm according to the cadence of the original poem. At the same time, in terms of stylistic rules and layout of the translated versions, such as titles, wording, and image reproduction, the translator tried to adopt naturalization strategy in English poetry translation, to make the poems read more like traditional English poetry thus more friendly to the readers of the target language who might repel something too strange to their ears, so as to achieve a better cross-cultural communication.

Poetry translation, as a cross-cultural literary endeavor , has its imagery, musicality, rhythmicity and affectivity fully demonstrated in this collection. This collection epitomizes Brent's works in his 30-year poetry writing. It is a comprehensive reflection of his literary attainments and English proficiency, which also serves as a wonderful memoir of his life, emotion, and study experiences of more than 30 years. I hope readers, as Yancius's descendants, can feel his true talent, rich knowledge, his

真情怀！

提笔著序之际，欣闻海峰兄被北京外国语大学博士研究生录取，即将负笈北上，完成更重要的博士学业，在此祝他博士学术研究如他的诗歌创作和翻译一样，厚积薄发，不负三年美好帝都学研韶华，完成学术科研之余，创作出更多更好的诗歌作品，记录崭新人生的点点滴滴。

最后用一首当年与海峰兄初识深夜对诗的拙作再次祝愿他前程似景，多出佳作，在学术科研和诗歌创作的道路上越走越远，以诗养译，以译养诗，学创结合，横跨中西！

无题（2006）

木樨沁桂馨，黄谷隐真人。
海纳百川后，译道无形生。
竹海泛舟去，敢笑严又陵！

是为序。

焦鹏帅

公元 2019 年 5 月 26 日于成都

temperament, and subtle sentiments while enjoying these poems!

When getting ready to write the preface for this poetry collection, I was excited to hear that Brent has been admitted to Beijing Foreign Studies University as a doctoral candidate. He will complete his PhD program in three years. Hereon, I wish his academic research can reach the same level as his poetry creation and translation with his accumulation of profound knowledge, and live up to this golden chance of study in the prime of his youth. In addition to his academic research, I hope he can create more and better poetry works, to record the brand-new life in words and lines.

Finally, I wish him a bright future with a poem written late at night when I first made acquaintance with him. I hope he will write more excellent works in the future and go further and further on his way to academic research and poetry creation. In short, I wish he can improve and refine his translation by means of poem writing, and vice versa; and bring out the best in each across the East and West!

Untitled (2006)
Osmanthus gives off fragrance sweet
But Huang Gu veils the true nature
After combing East with West
His road to translation comes into being invisibly
After rafting boat through Bamboo forest
Who dare laugh at his achievements!

Hereof the preface.

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Jiao Pengshuai
May 26, 2019, Chengdu
Translated by Hu Ping

序　言

不能再拖了，事情总是接踵而至，不会有停歇的时候。就在前几天我还跟一个怕我太辛苦而不再让我为其修改翻译的学生说，时间就是用来填充的，不用快乐，就得用痛苦，不用责任义务，就得用兴趣志向，人生的辛苦是必然，不给你改翻译了，会有其他各种“翻译”扑头盖脸，总要填充我躺在床上的16个小时。

是的，这每天的16个小时，我忙于各种人生的奔波。其为名乎，其为利乎？这问题是我替可能读到此文的读者提出的，我自己当然心知肚明。早在疫情猖獗之前，我就因为每日深坐于电脑之前并不活动而略感腰力困乏，晚饭后的半小时踏步丝毫缓解不了椎间盘的痛苦。在坚持了半月之后，终于一卧不起，等再次勉强下床站立已经又过去了半个月。躺在床上“静养”，是严肃的医嘱，再有半个月还不减轻症状就得手术了。不知道我还能不能撑到中医光大的那天，求诊于一位鹤发童颜的老中医，就那么几下便把我这被西医诊断为必须手术的小病治好。

躺在床上并不能自由使用电脑，笔记本放在抬起的腿上，

Preface by the Author

This [preface] cannot be delayed any longer; things will always keep coming, and there will never be a stop. Only a few days ago, while I was talking to a student, who out of consideration for my workload, wished to stop troubling me with correcting her translation, I told her time was meant to be filled—either with happiness or suffering, responsibilities or interests. Toiling is part of life. "If I didn't correct your translation, there would be other sorts of 'translation' thrown at me, invariably filling up the 16 hours of my time of being tied down in bed," so I told my student.

Yes, during the daily 16 hours, I have been busy with all sorts of things. Was it for fame, or for financial gains? This is a question -- the answer to which I am thoroughly aware of -- I am only asking on behalf of the readers. Long before the epidemic become rampant, I had been suffering from back problems due to sitting in front of the computer for a long stretch of time without taking breaks and physical exercises. The daily half-an-hour pacing after dinner did nothing to relieve the pain from my intervertebral disks. After toughening it out for half a month, I finally collapsed and succumbed to bedrest. It was two weeks before I could barely get out of bed and stand on my feet again. "Bedrest" is a serious advice given very earnestly by my doctor; if the condition did not improve in half a month, I would have to suffer the consequencies of surgeries, so I was told. I wondered if I could wait until Chinese medicine became more developed, when my problems could be fixed by an eminent Chinese doctor of white hair, who would cure my minor ailment with a few simple strokes and save me from the surgeries deemed necessary by diagnostic conclusions of Western medicine.

Lying in bed doesn't entail the free use of computer as one might

头部垫高，也只能维持一段时间，腰椎仍然压迫右侧坐骨神经，这时候能让我忘记病痛的就只有翻译了。翻译诗歌或者译审，相比纯粹的写作，更容易转移我的痛感视线，所以我很感谢最痛苦的几天有最让我欣慰的“编外”学生陪伴，给我译审的机会，让我的精神亢奋于每处精彩的译笔，或者贯注于纠正不当的用词，从而忘记神经的痛感。我的人生状态始终处于一个临界点，像一个钟摆，只需要一个外力，我就可以持续地摆动起来，所以每每“自我”挺身而出，拉着懒惰的“本我”往前超越。所谓名利都不是我的兴趣，为名我会处处时时高调炫耀，为利我会星星点点锱铢必较，仿佛只有穷忙才能对得起云泥存在的区别。

写到这里我才步入正题——为我的个人诗集作序，我本可以不写什么序言，诗集中的习作以时间顺序排布，多侧面地反应了我的前半生，不需也不能把自己当成历史的材料详细交代什么成长历程。而这个旧诗写作的历程也不过是我个人的摸索，没有任何老师指点，纯粹自学，尚未成才。但我得感谢把我的诗翻译出来的另一个“编外”学生，感谢在我命途过半、福过灾生的时候促我思考人生意义、续发我文学诗路的学生，还得感谢七八年前辛苦搬下我搜狐博客所有诗文的“编内”学生。仅仅为了感谢这个缘由，我也得写一下，我在奔波中才会无愧地飞驰脚步。

assume, which means I had to place my laptop on one raised leg and have my head straightened up with a support; but that position could only last a limited duration of time; the lumbar vertebrae still pressed on the right sciatic nerve, causing a pain which only translation was interesting enough to divert my attention and relieve. Translating poetry or proofreading a translation, compared with creative writing, does a much better job in distracting my attention from the pain. Therefore, I am grateful to the company of my "supernumerary" student, whose translation I had the opportunity of revising; I became excited whenever I came upon an exquisite rendition or an inappropriate expression I could correct, either of which made me forget the pain from my poor lumbar nerves. The state of my life has always harbored on a tipping point, like a pendulum which, if given an external force, will swing continuously; the "ego" often barges forward to drag the lazy "id". The so-called fame and wealth are not what I am interested in; if I were, I would boast myself with a high profile wherever possible for the former, and haggle over every penny for the latter, as if only by being occupied interminnately over trivial matters can one sufficiently demonstrate the difference between high brow and earthy existence.

It is till now that I am getting to the point—to write a preface to a collection of my poems. I may not have the need to write any preface: the poems in the collection are arranged in chronological order, reflecting from many angles the first half of my life. Nor may I have to or be able to give a detailed account of my growth as if it were historical information. And the process of writing these old-style poems is only a personal exploration, fumbled through without any teacher's guidance. It is merely a self-taught and half-learned craft. But I have to thank another "supernumerary" student, who has translated my poems and prompted me to ponder over the meanings of life and, in the process, rekindled my interest in literature and poetry when I have travelled halfway my journey amidst good furtunes and disasters; and I am also indebted to all my "own" students who painstakingly downloaded, seven or eight years ago, all the poems from my Sohu blog. Thus I write this

首先得感谢綦峰，我教过的2011级学生，在8年前不辞辛苦把我发布在搜狐博客上的所有诗文复制了下来，整理成一个文档交给我，这才有今天英译的可能。我习诗三十多年，发布在搜狐博客上的只能占一半，但也是比较成熟的作品，对格律有了一定掌握，可以写作律诗绝句和填词。8岁时用稚嫩的毛笔书法在扇面上写下自己的诌诗，情景至今还朦胧确切。留存的一本诌诗集上还有近百首不忍卒读的胡诌，另外两本则已然遗失，大约写作于初高中，较之前述又为成熟一二。直到上了研究生，才有时间吟风弄月，在博客上附庸风雅。我的习诗和习书、习篆差不多是同一进程，习书是祖父领进门，习篆是木匠父亲雕花的影响，三者融合互益，只不过后两者在工作后便渐渐放手，时间悉数交托给神圣的教育事业，博客也日渐荒芜。说到这里，也得顺便感谢我的同门师弟周忠浩，2006年7月11日，在他的影响下，我在搜狐注册了“木樨黄谷”博客，一发不可收拾，我较为得意的古诗近体都是写作于求学姑苏汪门的三年。他目前在南大读博，写得一手好字，也懂写诗。我们三年同居的前化五楼岁月，清晰如昨。没有搜狐这个你唱我和的平台，我的诗兴未必大发，也不会认识很多至今还联系的网友诗友。

綦峰整理的这个文档沉睡于我的电脑硬盘多年，我从未想过要出版，让他整理下来的动机也不过是把散落在网络上

preface for the sake of expressing my gratitude, so I can move forward with peace of mind and hence lighter steps.

First of all, I would like to thank Qi Feng, a student of Grade 2011 I had taught, who took great pains eight years ago in copying all the poems I had posted on Sohu blog. He compiled them into a document and gave it to me, which made possible the English translation of the poems today. Chinese poetry has been with me for more than three decades, during which I wrote my own lyrics; however, only half of them, the ones I considered mature enough, were posted on Sohu blog. I have some grasp of metre, and I can write *jueju* (four-line poems) and *ci* (irregular-line poems).When I was eight, I wrote a childish poem on a fan with a Chinese calligraphy brush, the memory of which is still vivid. I had written three collections but only the first one survived; it contains a hundred or so poems of young gibberish, and the two lost collections were probably written during junior and senior high school, with lines of more mature styles and skills than the first. It was not until I was a postgraduate student that I had time to "sing to the wind and dance with the moon" (literal translation of a Chinese wisecrack expression of writing poetry) and write poems on the blog. My poetry writing started almost simultaneously as my learning of calligraphy and carving,—calligraphy was initiated by my grandfather while carving inspired by the paper-cutting craft from my carpenter father. All three skills are mutually beneficial, although the latter two gradually gave way to the noble cause of teaching. Unfortunately, the once flourished Sohu blog started becoming more and more neglected. Nevertheless, I would like to thank my classmate Zhou Zhonghao. On July 11, 2006, under his influence, I registered a blog using the alias "Muxi Huanggu", thereby reignited my interest in writing poems. All of my favorite neoancient-style poems were written during the three years of postgraduate study under Profeessor Wang in Suzhou. Zhou Zhonghao is currently a doctoral student of Nanjing University, and he writes beautiful calligraphy as well as poetry. The memories of the three years we spent as roommates in Qianhua University's No.5 Building are as fresh as if

的私物拿回自己手中，便于集中自娱，偶尔有过闪念，自己编辑排版，拿到打印社打印出来，放在身边，伴我老去，诗页黄卷，我躺在一豆昏暗的烛光下，然后永久地闭上双眼，就此别过我这疲倦的一生。

在中国玩诗歌，非富即贵，我不属于前者，更不属于后者，我只作自娱自乐，所以今天的我让很多亲朋好友旧知同学惊讶，确实是因为我惯藏不露，即便露了一两次，也不会被几个人关注。诗歌在当今的中国，又是被普罗大众调侃的对象，我也不想总被身边诸多数典忘祖的庸碌之徒戏言为“湿人”。我更希望自己能有华莱士·史蒂文斯的淡泊，视诗歌为纯粹的个人兴趣，临死才出版个人诗集；或者有威廉·卡洛斯·威廉斯的明智，为了更好地写作先认真地谋生，并在喧嚣的诗学权威遮盖下韬光养晦。诗歌是精神的私处，这是它最初的本质，苦闷或豪情，壮志或隐忍，变成文字的嚎啕或高吭，首先是自我的救赎，其次——如果真有他人会心——才能进而满足片刻的虚荣。如果想要更多的虚荣，当今之计便是你唱我和，互相吹捧，或者利用自己具有的某些权势绑架身边读者的点赞。这是中国人特别显著的优缺点，无关诗歌本真，你吹我我嘘你，和颜悦色，炒作致胜，中等的诗艺诗品倒也能走出深邃的酒巷，抱团成流成派成主义，如此温水煮诗歌之蛙，优在造成诗歌的繁荣，缺于诗歌成色的沉淀。搜狐博

they just took place yesterday! And without Sohu, the platform for us to write together, my poetic inspiration may not have been aroused, and I would not have known so many net pals who are still in touch with me today.

The document compiled by Qi Feng had been dormant in the hard drive of my computer for many years. I never thought of publishing it. My motivation of asking him to sort it was merely to take back my personal belongings that were scattered on the Internet, so that I could enjoy reading all the poems in the convenience of one booklet. For a time, I had occasionally thought of editing and typesetting it myself and having it printed in a copy shop, to have it age with me as the pages turn yellow; I would lie in the soft glow of candlelight, closing my eyes eternally, thus to bid farewell to a weary life like my own.

In China, those who romp in poetry are either wealthy or noble. Yet I am neither of the two sorts, but do so only to entertain myself. Thus, I may surprise many of my relatives, as well as friends and schoolmates, old and new, by revealing this talent, which I used to hide, though occasional publications of my poems have attracted the attentions but of just a few. Poetry is something often ridiculed by the general public in today's China, and I do not want to be jokingly called a "shiren" (a playful homonym of the word "poet" but actually means 'wet man') by those who couldn't less of the cultural heritage of our ancestors. I wish I had the serenity of Wallace Stevens, who regarded poetry as a pure personal interest and published his personal collection of poems just before he died; or the wisdom of William Carlos Williams, who worked earnestly to make a living first in order to write better later, and kept a low profile while learning eagerly in the shadow of the noisy big shots of poetry. Poetry is a private place for the spirit. This is the primary nature of poetry: depressed or passionate, ambitious or tolerant, a poet turns his inner sentiment and celebration into words, first to obtain self-redemption, and then,—if there is someone interested,—to satisfy a moment of vanity. Should more vanity is wished for, the trick today is to flatter each other, or use the power in their possesion to kidnap the

客时代，我也和博友互相唱和，诗兴激发三年。然而一别十载，我独行良久，身旁的知己渐行寥落，我也便一点点筑起本我的围城，何必叨扰奢求。所以我没有想过出版自己的诗文集。零星的原创发表并非了无，可在过去的十年也不过是隔靴挠痒，还是仰仗野鬼张智兄的荐稿，自己近千首诗词仍然丛集于我高搁的心房。

直到超白兄引荐诗人书法家娄德平先生。娄德平先生上世纪以书法闻名全国，改开之前甚至被作为原型人物拍摄电影在全国宣传。他也有万丈豪情诗兴，擅长写作新诗，新世纪又探索汉俳，迄今创作有近两万首。超白推荐我来翻译娄先生的诗歌，我深感荣幸，毫不推辞。这位精神矍铄的诗书画耆宿年近八旬，委身托请于我这个后学晚辈，我怎会拒绝。为了感谢我，娄先生赠送我书号，要给我出版诗集，这便是这本诗集的直接由来了。诗集名很早就定下来了，因为申请书号和报批出版需要，一页水山，沿用我之前的笔名立意。

2017 年 7 月超白已经和我定下翻译娄先生的诗歌，仅仅一年之后，一个很有译诗天赋的大学本科生投稿给我，其时我已经参与美国诗刊《诗殿堂》的编辑工作。他就是谢利，后来的交流让我知道这是一个在国外生活过多年的小海龟，难怪他的翻译质量远超正常的英语专业本科生。我对他刮目相看，也让我有了出版自己双语诗集的契机。其他人不是没有，

readers around them for the ransom of praises. This is a remarkable Chinese characteristic; it has nothing to do with the truth of poetry. You flatter me, and I you, everyone enjoys themselves in this amicable atmosphere of pitching each other, thus helping mediocre poems walk out of the deep alleys of pubs and taverns, huddling to form a school or some ism. Such phenomenon of sufferable poems created the superficial prosperity of poetry, but the works lack the sedimentary accretion of high-quality poetry. In the era of Sohu blog, my blog friends and I also wrote poems and inspired each other for three years. A decade later, however, I found I had been walking alone for a long time, and only a few bosom friends were left, so I began to build my poetic citadel brick by brick,—why bother entertaining others!? Therefore, I never think of publishing my poems. A number of original works have been published though, owing to the recommendation by Dr. Zhangzhi, but these published poems, over a period of ten years, amount to a drop in the bucket. Nearly a thousand poems remain aloft on the high shelves of my private reserve.

Change didn't happen until my friend Chaobai introduced me to Mr. Lou Deping, a poet and calligrapher. Mr. Lou was famous for his calligraphy in the last century and was a prototype for a movie released all over the country. He is also full of passion for poetry, good at writing new poems, and interested in the writing of Han haiku in the new millennium. So far, he has created nearly 20,000 poems. When recommended by Chaobai to translate Mr. Lou's poems, I felt honored and gladly accepted. This energetic and hearty master of calligraphy and painting is almost eighty years old. In return for my translation, Mr. Lou gave me a book number, which rendered the possibility and hence the reason for this collection of poems. The title of the book, *A Page of Rill and Hill*, conforms to my previous pseudonym and was decided long ago due to the need for immediate submission when applying for a book number and publication approval.

In July 2017, Chaobai and I decided to translate Mr. Lou's poems. A year later, a college undergraduate with great talent in poetry

彼时的诗殿堂已经拉起一个翻译队伍，里面译家能手多多，然而我还是一贯的崇尚谦卑，觉得自己的诗配不上名家译笔，人家也未必瞧得上，请译也恐被拒自取其辱。署名译者的机会他们也未必需要，为什么不给一个有能力的学生，让他的学生生涯锦上添花呢？我于是选了几首拙诗发给谢利，未明言作者是我，为的就是他的客观，他并不拒绝，于是我们的合作便开启了。

从 2018 年 10 月，谢利开始翻译我的旧体诗词，陆陆续续地翻译了一年整，因为我又随时有些新作给他，而他又是一个较真的学生，好几次修改，估计至今他也不能说已经完全满意自己的翻译。他有一定国际视野，好学上进，译诗观有了改变，开始钟情于散体译法，若非我以律译律的要求，他应该会换完全不同的译本。他算是我的“编外”学生之一，可遇而不求，诚实认真，对自己身体的疾症并不讳言，我很欣赏，也便在翻译之余给了他一些引导。现而今，他拿到美国常青藤四所高校的 offer，他选择了哈佛大学教育学院，原来计划在他本科时期出版的这本译诗集应该可以给他的研究生生涯锦上添花吧。也是因为这个，我才决定不能一拖再拖，序言写出来，就可以交付排版印刷了。

当然还要感谢李正栓老师的高足，河北师范大学研究生胡平同学，她承接了我部分新诗的翻译，同时也在我邀请下

translation submitted his translation to me. At the time, I had already participated in the editing work of an American poetry magazine Poetry Hall. This young fellow is Li Xie, whom I found out later had studied overseas and lived abroad for many years. No wonder his translation is far better than that of many English major students. I was impressed by his talent, which also gave me the confidence and opportunity to publish my own bilingual poetry collection. It is not that there are no other translators. At the time, a team of translators had been put together in the Poetry Hall, among whom many were good translators. However, as my belief in humility had always confined my thinking, I didn't feel my poems were worthy to be translated by renowned translators, and readers might not take an interest. Why bother to humiliate myself by asking for help? They may not need the translatorship, so why not give a capable student a chance to add "icing on the cake" to his academic curriculum vitae? So I carefully chose a few poems and sent them to Li Xie. In order for him to be more objective, I didn't say that the author was me and he didn't refuse. So started our cooperation.

In October 2018, Li Xie began to translate my old-style poems, and continued to do so for one year. During that period, I often sent him my current poems. He was a very serious translator that even today he may not be completely satisfied with his translations, despite repeated revisions. He has certain international visions, was eager to learn and improve himself, and his view of poetry translation morphed during the course of working on my poem translation. He became more fond of the unrhymed translation method. Had it not been for my insistence on rhymed style, he would have produced completely different work. He can be regarded as one of my "supernumerary" students, yet the best of all. He is honest and serious, and makes no secret of all the difficult hurdles he has to overcome. In appreciation of his great qualities, I gave him some academic guidance. Now that he has received offers from four Ivy League universities and has chosen Harvard Graduate School of Education, this book of translated poems can be viewed as a proper send-off gift for his graduate study, which was originally to be published

承接了娄德平先生部分新诗的翻译。2019 年 7 月 27 日，我把谢利翻译好的稿子发给她，两个月后她翻译完发回给我，其时她正纠结于毕业论文，各种繁忙，却拿出很多时间翻译我的新诗，必须要郑重感谢。还好我新诗写作时间不长，诗风稚嫩，浪漫呻吟，倒也不费多少修辞转译的脑汁，可对于一个新人译者来说，仍是一定的挑战，好在她的英语水平不错，翻译我这种段位的“诗人”应该也是用了她的牛刀。

同时感谢的当然还有受我委托撰写序言的好友良师，西南民族大学焦鹏帅博士，这位从我的资料粉丝变成学术师友的大哥，收到我发过去的诗稿没几日就写出了洋洋洒洒的读后感，其中溢美之词自然是晕轮效应，其真挚诚心不辨自言。旧体诗稿的排版由我很欣赏的两个“编内”却并非我带的山政外院 2017 级商务英语本科生许文豪和王舒怡。前者经常旁听我的课程，头脑灵活目标明确，英语基础也不错；后者是个“明明可以靠颜值”却勤奋自律谦虚礼貌的小仙女，在得知我需要帮手的时候主动提出代我排版到深夜。说起编内编外，我有两句话浓缩，“从师而不学，虽教而不徒；不从师而学，虽不教而徒”，所以他俩和谢利都是我骄傲的学生，与编制无关。

往前感谢，感谢让我走上写作之路的懵懂的青春，我的班长；感谢让我的写作开始反思的老师，颜世和、颜世民两

before he finished his university. Precisely for the same reason I decided not to delay the publication any longer. Once the preface is written, the book can be delivered for typesetting and printing.

Of course, I would also like to thank Miss Hu Ping, a graduate student of Prof. Li Zhengshuan of Hebei Normal University, for her translation of some of my new poems, as well as some of Mr. Lou Deping's poems at my invitation. On July 27, 2019, I sent Li Xie's translation manuscript to her. Two months later, she finished her part of the translation and sent it back to me, while working on her graduation thesis and was busy with many other projects. I am grateful for the amount of time she spent on translationg my poems amidst her hectic work schedule. Fortunately, my writing of new poetry hadn't been long so the poetic style is relatively naive and simple, thus needing not too much brain racking for rhetoric and style; nevertheless, for a novice translator, it was still a challenge. To my fortune, her English is good and she gave her best translation to an ordinary "poet" like me.

At the same time, I would like to thank my good friend and mentor, Dr. Jiao Pengshuai of Southwest Minzu University, who has turned from a fan of my resourcefulness in finding research material to an academic friend. He wrote a reflection upon the poems a few days after I sent them to him. The accolades are naturally what is called "Halo Effect", yet they are expressed sincerely and heartily. The typesetting of old-style poems was done by Xu Wenhao and Wang Shuyi, two "official" undergraduates of Business English major of Grade 2017 at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, whom I think highly of though they were not my students. Xu often attended my classes; he was quick-witted with a clear goal, and had a good foundation in English; while Wang is a diligent, highly disciplined, modest, polite, little fairy who is "obviously able to make a living on her good look". When she learned that I needed help, she offered to type for me and worked late into the night. Speaking of the two groups of students, "official" and "supernumerary", I can summarize them in four lines:

位恩师；感谢给我的写作插上飞翔羽翮的老师，孔德旭、陈军、王有才三位恩师；感谢上文已经提及的我的贵人们；感谢姑苏时光的江南情绪和包山寺一年多的澄净透脱；感谢让我一直躁动的单相思和一厢情愿；感谢巫山云，感谢每一缕飘飞的青丝，感谢彼岸花、西兰花和蔻斯汀的香气，感谢每个不眠的夜晚，还有一世离情；再往下，省略一万字……

感谢完外人，我还需要感谢“内人”，是他们使我成为我。我的祖父，教我捧读四书五经和启蒙书法的人民教师，我还欠您一篇至今不敢写的诗文；我的父母，大半生的辛劳以腰力的明证遗传到我勤勉的骨髓；我的妻女，一个不在乎我没有车没有房，愿意和我协力谋生，一个用诗心慧手弹奏出最美的西江月。还要感谢我，有恣肆的精神分裂，本我驱使着力比多迸发抒写的快感，自我调谐着我忙碌的人生，超我正在引领可能还剩余的四十年生命。

此外，序言写毕，为使体例统一，我还得英译，然而自己尚缠绵病榻，只好请托物色。此时《诗殿堂》翻译部第一执行主编史潘荣居然在自顾不暇之际应允了我的“试探”，让我铭感五内。序言太长，我岂能没有分寸，咖位高于我的自然不敢劳烦，想到兄长潘荣，他为《诗殿堂》英诗部公决译笔一流，不禁解颐。一番开诚布公之后，潘荣兄开始了翻译，仅仅 10 天就译完了我这又臭又长的 4 千字序言，此番恩情自

Those who study under me don't learn,
So they are my students, not my 'disciples';
Those who learn don't study under me,
So they aren't my students, but my 'disciples'.

Needless to say, I take pride in both of them and Li Xie and see them as great students. This has nothing to do with the official admission status.

I would also like to thank my class monitor; the ignorant years of my youth that propelled me onto the road of writing; two mentors who encouraged me to reflect on my writing: Yan Shihe and Yan Shimin; teachers Kong Dexu, Chen Jun and Wang Youcai, who gave me the wings for my writing; and all those important persons mentioned hitheto! My gratitude also goes to the picturesque southern land of Suzhou and the clarity and quietude of Baoshan Temple where I stayed for more than a year! I thank the restless emotions from unrequited love and wishful thinking, the surreal clouds of Wu Mountains, the black hair once floating in the wind; the sweet aroma of manjusaka, broccoli, and kustie; every sleepless night, and a life filled with departing sorrows! And for many more, I'd omit ten thousand words ....

After thanking the "outsiders", I also need to thank my "insiders and the better half", for they have made who I am: my grandfather, "a teacher for the people", who taught me to read the Four Books and Five Classics and started me on calligraphy, and for whom I still owe a poem that I dare not write even now; my parents, most of whose hard work has been manifested in their lumbar strength and passed on to my bone marrow; my wife and my daughter—one that is willing to strive a life with me even I had no house or a car, the other capable of playing the most beautiful music, Moon over West River, with a poetical heart and deft fingers. Also, I want to thank myself, the owner of a wanton schizophrenia, with the id driving the passion pursuing the pleasure of writing, the ego tuning the strings of a busy life, and the superego leading the possibly remaining forty-odd years of life.

不待言。同时，还有另外两位老师，著名华人翻译家晚枫老师和王琳老师，两位老师都是长辈，旅居国外几十年，语言纯熟，译笔与母语无二。我厚着脸皮请二位译审，二位老师自然更是忙碌，却也答应了我的请托，让我倍感荣光。正文排版完毕我把诗稿发给了苏州大学我的恩师、中国比较文明学会会长方汉文教授，不意老师竟然欣然为我题写书名“一页水山”四字，让我欣喜莫名。封面的设计是娄德平先生亲往监督，封面画作正是娄先生的山水名画《雨后》，而扉页上的题签也是娄先生特意为我书写。这让我的个人诗集有了“狗身貂尾”、“蓬荜生辉”的意味。无以为报，特致谢忱。

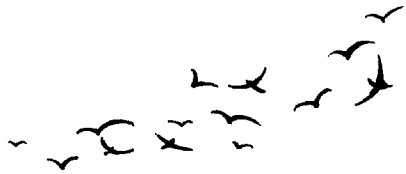
最后，感谢这个无声的春天，让漫天的云勾起我对巫山的向往。待一切尘埃落定，时光不再囚禁现世的灵魂，我希望登上藏卧巨龙的峰顶，一手指天，狂啸出三生爱恨，并就此遁入空冥……

史潘荣　译于西京学院

Furthermore, when the preface was finished, I needed to do the English translation in order to make the contents congruent; however, the feeble state of my physical being rendered me incapable, so I had to choose and ask someone. The preface is very long, and I could not intrude without hesitation. Naturally, those who are of higher ranking I dared not to trouble. Then I felt I found a solution when I thought of my buddy Shi Panrong, aka Joseph Spring, who is indisputably the best translator in Poetry Hall, and also the Acting Executive Editor of Poetry Hall. After an honest talk with him, he gladly took the task upon my first tentative inquiry in spite of his busy schedule, and finished in just 10 days the translation of this tediously long preface of 4000 Chinese characters. My gratidute to him is indescribable! At the same time, I had the pleasure to have invited two well-known translators to be my English editors, Ms Wan Feng and Ms Wang Lin, both my seniors in years and talents and have honed their English translation to write as if a native speaker during their decades of living abroad. When the typesetting was done, I sent a copy to my mentor in Suzhou University, Professor Fang Hanwen, also the President of China's Comparative Culture Association and he inscribed the book title "A Page of Rill and Hill" of his own accord. The design work of the cover was supervised by Mr Lou Deping, whose painting After the Rain and calligraphy I was honored to use for my book cover. With all these luxurious assessories, my poetry collection has gained immeasurable luster and splendor. I only wish I could repay the kindness.

Finally, I thank this silent spring, which is allowing the wandering clouds to evoke my yearning for solitude. When all the dust settles, and time no longer imprisons this earthly soul, I hope to ascend to the summit where a mighty dragon crouches and hides. Then I will point to the sky with one hand, howling the love and hate of three lifetime, and then escape into the emptiness ....

Translated by Joseph Spring at Xijing University



笔

1989-09-01

一笔握手中，
经天供学用。
精神十全佳，
谁可全心奉。

Pen

September 1st, 1989

A pen in hand I have
For learning all day round,
Its hearty spirit sound,
Who else wholehearted gave?

长志抒

1999-10-27

长风烈，吾思穷兮。
晓流急，余心逝兮。
佳人离，哀其别兮。
不可留，将叹惋兮。
驾烈风兮游九州，
腾急流兮唤吾求。
虽殒身兮亦不恤，
将永去兮奈何由！
愿为夸父兮逐天日，
敢作精卫兮填汪流。
驱长车踏破大江山兮，
不为多情自古愁。
奋拼余力兮成吾索，
碎骨粉身兮无他求。
心固直兮将永此，
志恒定兮若泰丘！

Revelation of Deep Will

October 27, 1999

The strong wind fiercely blows. My thoughts fail me, alas!
The morning rapid flows. My heart gets lost, alas!
A beauty goes away. Which I lament, alas!
She can't be made to stay. I sigh regret, alas!
I'll ride the wind, alas, across the State;
I'll surf the flow, alas, in loud pursuit.
Be dead I may, alas, but I won't quit;
Forever gone, alas, I'll trust my fate.
I long to be a giant man, to chase the sun;
I dare to be a bird, to bury the sea with stones.
I'll drive my chariot, across the landscape run;
Of old, no hero loved but his beloved ones.
My power I'll exert, alas, until I find;
Though bones may shatter, I'm of a single mind.
My heart upright, alas, I will forever seek;
My will is firm, alas, like the majestic peak.

小阳月抒怀

1999-10-30

昨日心满愁，
临榻思忧忧。
迷茫入幽径，
恍惚登宇楼。
古月清风寺，
长水漫夜舟。
江霭飘孤角，
又唱台城游。

Revelation of Feelings in Tenth Month

November 30, 1999

The day before, my heart was filled with care,
At bedside, laden with my thoughts so drear.
I entered winding passage in a maze,
And mounted lofty mansion in a daze.
The temple was by moonlit breeze caressed;
Long river swelled at night with boats at rest.
Through haze on river, wafted a bugle's sound –
Once more, I chanted, "When will the Moon be round?"

赠友人以庆生二首

1999-11-09

清水芙蓉淡销香，
晋祠流碧浅凝琅。
问君哪得眸百媚，
秋水一色共天长。

不道君姿羞花貌，
却言体韵沉鱼娇。
试向潭边濯倩影，
必倾池鲤满魂销。

Two Poems for Friend's Birthday

November 11, 1999

From you, a water lotus, scents arise;
A crystal current, emerald just like jade.
Where did you get the charm that's in your eyes?
Like river, into rosy skies you fade.

Your beauty dims the moon, makes flowers abashed;
Your figure sinks the fish, make wild geese fall.
Go to the pond, to have your image washed,
And you'll bewitch the carps – transport them all.

赠别二首

1999-11-20

久处常笑谈，
当即欲高走。
应忆同甘苦，
不忘齐欢愁。
他乡遇烦事，
此地分苦忧。
有快赠君半，
痛饮杜康酒。
君既落落去，
长祷向天楼。
愿托吾所冀，
铿锵铸金秋。

君欲他疆守钢矛，
我叹临别无馨交。
人生何患无深谊，
尽由真我走一遭！

Farewell

November 20, 1999

We got along, shared chatters gay,
But soon, you'll travel far away.
Let's share our weals and woes in mind,
Not leave our joys and griefs behind.
Should you encounter troubles there,
At home, I will partake your care.
My moments I'll extend to you;
With liquor, I'll drown sorrows new.
While you, alone, are on your way,
I'll climb the mountains' where I'll pray.
Do live out loud for me – be bold,
A hero in the autumn gold.

You'll go up front, to guard the far frontiers;
I sigh at parting that your friends are few.
Why worry that true friends are nowhere near?
Just stay true to yourself, and journey through!

贺岁明志十四言

2001-01-12

冰气寒凝冷，
铁风暗藏刀。
惆怅独有我，
徘徊出远郊。
目极天空远，
心驰宇宙辽。
本心怀四海，
滞情无限娇。
陌尘恋飘云，
苦耐独相扰。
感此惟悲戚，
洗心求正道。
风冰又何如，
不知情已老？

Fourteen Lines Composed at New Year for Self-Encouragement

January 12, 2001

The icy, frigid air condenses;
In piercing wind, some dark blades hide.
Alone, aloof, with sorrowed senses,
I shamble to the countryside.
My eyes the far horizon see;
My mind traverses boundless space.
My heart embosoms the Four Seas;
I cherish China's bounteous grace.
A nameless speck, with clouds obsessed,
I'm haunted by a lovesick pain.
On knowing thus, I feel distressed -
Collect myself, to wisdom gain.
I'm numb to the wind and icy cold,
Forgetting that my love's grown old.

登千佛山

2004-09-01

登高及望岱，
凝愁但停云。
情思南遥去，
佳人不远闻。
早日何窈窕，
晨曦也氤氲。
只愁无翮翥，
携子举金樽。

On Top of QianFo Moutain

September 1, 2004

I scale the peak, and then descry Mount Tai,
My blues loom large on mind, like clouds in the sky.
My sentimental thoughts float far down south,
But never reach the distant charming youth.
How coy and charming is the dawn of day,
Seen through the moist and misty morning rays.
I all alone lament my want of feathers
With which to fly, to get with you together

风波记

2005-4-18

千云竞去来，何处惹尘埃？
卷积落成雨，雷闪轰鸣来。
青春皆自绿，万点润舒怀。
风声唳，金乌收。
翔鸟齐喑喑兮，碧树共哀哀哉。
水泻置平地，乱流铺阶台。
行者瑟走，张伞徘徊。
打叶惊魂，零落失彩。
我问苍君何以如此愁情绪，
且向穹顶极目詈阴霾。
玉帝会我意，拨云见日开。
一方生熠熠，金辉作碧钗。
若非此君心意诚，不将彼娇托相待。

Storm

April 18, 2005

A thousand clouds all come and go;
From where did they with dust so stain?
As lightenings strike, and thunders blow,
The swirling billows fall as rain.
The verdant spring does greener get
When myriad drops their bosoms wet.
Like whooping cranes, winds sough,
The gold sun hidden now.
All flying birds their lustre lose;
All emerald trees become morose.
The downpours leveled all streets' surfaces;
Crisscrossing flows flood stairs and terraces.
Pedestrians passed, all shivering,
Umbrellas opened, lingering.
The pattered leaves now seem crestfallen,
Dispirited, from branches fallen.
I wonder why Heaven is troubled with such gloom,
Cursing the firmament with such unending loom?
Jade Emperor seems to hear my plight,
And draws clouds open to the light.
From single corner spreads a sheen,
Glitters like hairpin emerald green.
O, were it not for my deep-most sincerity,
He would not have trusted me with sights so lovely!

天净沙·望月

2005-9-18

紫榴红枣橙梨，
噪蛙飞雀鸣蟋，
煮豆硝鞭暖啤，
银乌东起，
朔风值望南徐。

Beholding Moon

— To the Tune of Tian Jing Sha

September 18, 2005

Lo – pomegranates, red dates, oranges, and pears!
The sparrows clamour, frogs croak, crickets cry out cheers;
Burn firecrackers, boil beans, and warm the beer.
The silver moon in east appears;
On August fifteenth, northern breeze, unhurried, nears.

听风语

2005-10-26

佳日游园朔寒凛，
人去亭空柏影深。
松风若沁落夕冷，
霞暖可温旭日心？

Hearing Wind Whisper

October 26, 2005

On her birthday. I saunter in the northern chill,
She's gone. Pavilion's empty, cypress shades tranquil.
If wind can chill the sunset when it blows through pines,
Can twilight warm the heart of sunrise when it shines?

喻桂省言

2005-11-19

上林新桂发几枝？
桃李伊人倚阁拾。
近香不若远香久，
远香却比近香迟。

Self-Reflection with Laurel Analogy

November 19, 2005

How many twigs of laurel trees did bloom?
A young girl gathers the blossoms by her room.
Though scents from over there will longer last,
Unlike these nearby, they don't come as fast.

廿四日登英雄山

2005-11-25

一

清清松风下，曼曼筝韵徐。
太极剑在手，弃杖力不疲。

二

森森夹道柏，喘喘上山人。
悬梯回妪妇，豢犬健如奔。

三

杲杲东日上，崴崴大碑刚。
英雄已垂矣，蜃景始升张。

四

窈窈是赤霞，婷婷如奇葩。
十步游园醉，数息午日斜。

Climbing Hero Mountain on Nov. 24th

November 25, 2005

I

Wind through the pinewoods briskly blow.
A dulcet zither music slow.
A tai-chi sword in hand, the cane;
Abandoned, stamina won't drain.

II

Thick cypresses on left and right,
men panting as they climb the heights.
Old ladies come down stairs so steep,
where vigorous hounds do gallop and leap.

III

The rising sun in east exudes;
the mountain, tablet-like, protrudes.
Above where buried martyrs lie, new sights unfold up in the sky.

IV

The beauty of Red Twilight Square
Is like the grace of flowers rare.
I take ten steps, enchanted soon; A few breaths, then the sun hits noon.

望星空咏叹

2006-07-02

舒目眺长空，参辰现繁容。
时同人俱去，心魂有无中。
长风荡万里，银汉叠千层。
发目极视处，尽寓无尽中。
万物皆同始，亦复共所终。
欲奔无有止，将奋何堪穷。
试渡无舟济，敢邀八骏行。
青山人偕老，长河月与空。
物其各有主，留任不费功。
惟有江边雨，一番洗七情。

Ode to the Starry Sky

July 2, 2006

I look into the boundless sky
Where constellations scattered lie.
As time and men together fleet,
My heart with flimsy spirit beats.
The high wind comes a myriad miles,
The Milky Way is starred in piles.
Whatever place my sight can see
Is part of the infinity.
From a single source all beings came,
Their destiny one and the same.
As verdant hills with men grow old,
Let the river beneath the moon unfold.
May each thing move along its course
And no one cling to things by force.
Nothing like rain the by riverside
Leaves all emotions purified.

禅心偶启

2006-07-03

朗月清风，漫拈坠红。
佛陀之意，迦业笑从。

真水若水，无味无香。
六根六识，放下也罢。

浩空了无痕，风起仇怨深。
情缘本虚幻，俗性生浮云。

别日是来时，来处启别门。
归时无牵挂，去时忘假真。

禅道本无道，佛法亦非法。
道由天地间，法向乾坤里。

Zen Epiphanies

July 3, 2006

The moon beams bright; breeze briskly blows. At will, a fallen flower he fetches. The wordless Truth that Buddha knows, Mahakasyapa, smiling, catches.

Like water – bland – True Nature is: It has no taste; it has no smell. Your senses and your consciousness. Are not the places on which to dwell.

There is no trace of clouds in the void so vast, But as wind stirs, emotions will arise. All passions are illusory at last; It is the worldly mind that blinds the soul's eyes.

I'll come back on the very day I'm gone, And through the very door where I depart. Of all attachments then there'll be none, And no distinction lingering in my heart.

There is no such way as the Way of Zen; Nor such dharma as Buddhism per se. The way but permeates twixt earth and heaven, The dharma, too, throughout the universe.

无　题

2006-07-03

种菊香四邻，
他索分花根。
千色尽一院，
万彩溢满村。

Untitled

July 3, 2016

Chrysanthemums waft fragrance all about;
The neighbours come to ask for roots of flowers.
In the courtyard, thousand colours spread throughout;
A myriad colours on our village shower.

七夕夜中作

2006-08-31

七夕更阑久，
雨注不断声。
几串浇泥淖，
三两敲窗篷。
雷余间蟋闹，
闪弱听蛙鸣。
由来好远致，
也叹牵牛情。

风喑雷雨寂，
子时过七夕。
滴漏从叶流，
拍打向窗密。
云浓愁牛郎，
星杳恨织女。
雀羽湿沉重，
牵桥明日迟。

Composed on Double Seventh Night

August 31,2006

Late in the Double Seventh night,
Rain pours while soughing ceaselessly,
The puddles splashed as raindrops smite,
My windows lashed by two or three.
Between the thunders crickets scream;
I find some frogs with flashlight dim.
As lofty-minded as I seem,
I think of Cowherd, and sigh for him.

The wind recedes, the storm tranquil;
It's Double Seventh in wee hours.
Along the leaves drips water still.
On panes the pitter-patter showers.
For poor Cowherd I pine in pain;
For Weaver Maid I sigh in sorrow
The magpies' plumage drenched in rain,
They cannot bridge for love tomorrow.

七夕午中作

2006-08-31

七月七日雀桥西，
一重浓云飞天过。
三千眺望几多恨，
却作泪雨泣滂沱。

At Noon on Double-Seventh Day

August 31, 2006

On Double-Seventh, to magpie bridge's west,
A leaf of dark cloud drifts across the skies.
The people see it, then they feel unblessed,
As tearful gushes shower down their eyes.

雨　晨

2006-09-01

一夜风雨骤而疏，
半卷晨光泻窗牖。
远巷陌声惹犬狺，
一吠惊醒人墙后。

Rainy Morning

September 1, 2006

A night of storm, now rushing, now abated –
Curtains ajar, twilight pours through the windows.
The dog, by alley's noises irritated,
Arouses me from sleep behind the walls.

正午雨来

2006-7-8

大雨遮阳去，
清凉入户来。
且观丢羽扇，
细霖上阶台。

It Rains at Noon

July 8, 2006

The sun is blinded by the pour,
And coolness comes in through the door.
Just look, with silk fan cast away,
As up the stairs the rain makes way.

堂前作

2006-09-01

东方来大雨，
浇我小阁楼。
堂前椿狂摆，
四角注如流。
家燕急飞回，
豢鸡惊瑟走。
上穹移白云，
轰雷幻苍狗。
风声敲窗格，
需息沁心喉。
炎夏将去去，
天凉好个秋！

Composed Before the Hall

September 1, 2006

The eastern cloudburst starts to fall,
And splashes on my attic small.
The toon outside swings to and fro;
Down corner tiles, raindrops flow.
The swallows fly back hurriedly,
And chicken pace up worriedly.
In the firmament, the white clouds shift,
And pealing thunder billows rifts.
Wind, howling, taps on trellised panes;
From the petrichor, heart freshness gains.
The scorching summer's ending soon,
And autumn's cool proves such a boon!

观雨后泗河汛

2006-09-03

泗河发大水，
洪汰何汤汤。
东沄长徐徐，
西流浩泱泱。
近湍驰汲汲，
远汭止沧沧。
黄波冲杂萍，
野莲滞桥桩。
雨燕戏水侧，
白鹭停渚央。
残桥南北过，
风野上下张。
东源一林闭，
斯涌来何方？
两声分袭耳，
四面各灌膛。
我从旸谷来，
沐曦又追阳。

西去达咸池，
迎夕纳余光。
此志不相渝，
听心唯我忘。
幽幽正沉吟，
抬头向北望。
五雁自西南，
沿涛东北翔。
夕落潇尽处，
暮云正苍苍。

Beholding Swelling Si River After Rain

September 3, 2006

The River Si does overflow;
O, how the flood's waves widely swash!
In the east, big waves swell long and slow;
In the west, deep flows leave banks awash.
As rushing currents nearby lave,
The distant bend, dark green, flows not.
Mixed duckweeds drift in yellow waves;
Wild lotuses on piers are caught.
At waterfront, swifts frolic forth;
White egrets on the sandbars rest.
A broken bridge links south to north,
Expansive field by wind caressed.
At the Eastern Source, woods thickly stand —
From where comes the river, flowing west?
The sounds through both ears enter, and
From all four sides, do fill my chest.
"I come from Sunny Valley yond,
In twilight basking, chasing the sun.

I westward flow to the Briny Pond,
In the afterglow, towards the sunset run.
This gold of mine I won't betray;
My ego will I overlook."
Just as it murmurs on its way,
I raise my head, and northward look.
Five geese from the southwest wing their flight,
Northeastwards soaring with the flow.
Sun sets where swirls drift out of sight,
While dusk clouds billow dark and low.

来姑苏

2006-10-01

我来何所事，
爰水绕斯城。
松抹晨曦露，
樟拂落日风。
木樨流淡馥，
桂靄下蟾宫。
吴质端来酒，
同君醉此生！

Coming to Soochow

October 1, 2006

For what on earth did I come down,
Where lovely flow surrounds the town?
Pines wipe away their morning dew;
Dusk wind blows camphor's foliage through.
Osmanthus wafts out mild sweet scent;
The laurel mists from moon descend.
As Lunar Woodman brings forth wine,
Let's drown away your life and mine.

闲适治印

2006-10-05

夜深音杳闲翻石，
勾画章成乃刻刀。
易篆明珠石却碎，
真珠若吐百年消。

Crafting Stamp in Leisure

October 5, 2006

In the silent night, I tamper with a tone;
The words designed, I grab my etching knife.
Unlike a pearls, a stone, when chipped, is gone;
A jewel crafted is a work of life.

点绛唇·金鸡湖畔

2006-10-07

水阔金鸡，
波光潋滟推冰魄，
天开夜闹，
湖里飞萤火。
人涌如潮，
月竟迎风瑟，
碜可可，
思来却是，
孑立一如我。

By the Lake Golden Rooster

— To the Tune of Dian Jiang Chun

October 7, 2006

The Golden Rooster Lake is wide —
It ripples forth in the bright moonlight;
Up in the sky, no cloud in sight;
On the water, fallen laurels glide.
Like tides, the throng of people roam;
Yet moon is shivering above.
What is the moon so fearful of?
Among the many pairs in love,
I roam alone, not heading home.

清平乐·老乡聚会

2006-10-21

霓虹明灭，
轩内哗声烈。
红面油光相酬谢，
桌满觥筹交藉。
我自齐鲁西东，
他本少壮英雄。
汝等竭力勤勉，
来日振我齐风！

Gathering of Fellowmen

— To the Tune of Qing Ping Le

October 21, 2006

In flickers of the neon lights,
The dining hall is bustling wild.
The ruddy cheeks exchange delights;
On tables, cups and glasses piled.
"I'm from the east;" "I'm from the west;"
"Though young in years, he's going places."
"May everybody strive their best,
To help the province win the races!"

蝶恋花·梦中君

2006-10-28

独倚阳台风细细，
楼左霓虹，晴浪推涟起。
岸上苍灯抛柳去，
秋思阑散不绝缕。
昨夜闲潭愁落雨，
环宇高空，
桂馥荷香去。
急赴塘边寻水曲，
泪眸扑朔别佳季。

Dream Deity

— To the Tune of Die Lian Hua

October 28, 2006

Al one, I lean on the balcony. Breeze blows.
And to the east of the tower, neon glows.
The rippling river through the campus flows.
On banks, dim light abandoned willow trees;
Sweet breaths of the dreary autumn do not cease.
Some blossoms fell in pond in yester dream;
The firmament does overarching seem;
More scents the lotuses than laurels stream.
I rush to where the river bends by the pond
In bleary tears. Farewell, dear season fond!

忆秦娥·晴岚河夜

2006-10-29

南台望，
晴岚托月光如漾。
光如漾，
清辉虹影，
水窄天旷。
拂风摆柳惹轻浪，
画船击水秋波荡。
秋波荡，
一曲冷水，
也沁心怅。

Night by Sunny Fog River
— To the Tune of Yi Qin E

October 29, 2006

I look out from the Southern Terrace. Lo:
The moon shines high and undulates below.
The moon is shining high. It's shining high,
With the neons-lighted river flowing by;
The water's slender; boundless is the sky.
Stir the ripples, willows by the breeze caressed;
Waves rock the painted boat with lanterns dressed.
The sorrowed ripples of the autumn flow —
A chilly, bending river shaped like bow,
May well make heartfelt melancholy grow.

苏州滑稽戏译后感

2006-11-19

两句三年得，
一吟双泪流。
今日翻戏剧，
苦叹使鬓秋。
小子无深识，
大作缺神由。
他日多读书，
不登鹳雀楼！

After Translating Soochow Slapstick

November 19, 2006

I wrote two verses in three years;
Reciting them, I drowned in tears.
While rendering dramas today,
I sighed and found my temples grey.
Of deeper learning I'm in want;
I cannot write, my talent scant.
If only I could read some day,
Though young, I would see far away.

江城子·晴岚碎漪

2006-11-24

晴岚河畔照微明。
惹离情，
水不胜。
两载茕然，
今日竟相仍。
英烈山巅迎旭日，
红霞窈，
逝如风。

两年而后伴她行。
水灯清，
夜无声。
不是旧欢，
而是换心倾。
侧畔临河涟碎雨，
如轻吻，
似偷情。

Broken Ripples on Sunny Fog River

— To the Tune of Jiang Cheng Zi

November 24, 2006

On river bank, the street lamps faintly glow,
Evoking parting's woe
Too poignant for the flow.
My solitude in two years' life
Has crept in, on this day grown rife.
Sunrise on Hero Mountain casts its glow.
Red, distant afterglow
Will vanish as winds blow.
Two years elapsed. I walk along with her.
The crystal lamps don't blur,
The night without a stir.
On the shores, the ripples break in drizzling mist;
By beauty I am kissed,
Just as if in a tryst.

舜耕颂

2006-11-25

山风起兮，
东曦渐白。
国图齐鲁是轫发，
际运华夏为仪来。
文崇孔孟仙源里，
化造李辛趵突怀。
产物广而夥，
业资深且采。
博瞰神州上岱宗，
览临仙境入蓬莱。
盛世昨现因改革，
会议今召推开放。
遍请四海五湖友，
邀游千佛舜耕场。
天时地利促人和，
下里百姓来八方。
宾客如云，
朋高座满。

Ode to Shungeng

November 25, 2006

The mountain gale is bold;
The eastern sun is gold.
The ancient states of Qi and Lu are on their way,
Harbingering some auspices to us today.
On the bounteous land, where things abound.
Men scintillate with gifts profound.
For China's panoramic view, ascend Mount Tai;
A fairyland you'll find in county of Penglai.
Reform has ushered in the good times yesterday;
To celebrate the Opening, we meet today.
Friends are invited from all over the country
To Shungeng International Fair, just to see
Each other, and we gather in such harmony,
With folks from different walks of life come happily.
The crowds, like clouds, come here to meet.
The honoured guests did take their seats.

共庆盛会与名流，
建言海外说发展。
齐淄长城留古迹，
鲁顶泰岳演封禅。
和歌柳琴戏，
谐拍梆子曲。
发红嫂之精神，
展福娃之创意。
社稷安泰当由我辈拼搏出，
会展蓬勃方倚吾侪协力起。
并举寿光好绿色，
为臻鲁肴美秀餐。
祖遗纸鸢超绝技，
国芳牡丹倾城垣。
复己克礼禀信义，
兴邦振国持简廉。

The celebrated guests attending, we rejoice,

And talk of future, the expatriates giving voices.

In the state of Qi, by the River Zi, the old Great Wall lies;

In the state of Lu, on the peak of Tai, we sacrifice.

With liuqin opera sing along,

And clap to Shandong bangzi song.

Red Aunties' spirit fosters love at heart;

Olympic mascot shows creative art.

The people's fortune lies in their own industry;

The success of the Expo lies in our synergy.

We showcase Shouguang City's products green,

And sample some delicious Lu cuisine.

The ancient paper kite is more than a dazzling art,

And China's fragrant peony wins the country's heart.

With mutual faith, let us return to courtesy;

To vitalize the state and nation, thrift is key.

May every one of us commit,

Devoting our lives to it.

With every little step we take,

A genuine differences we will make.

May we be faithful and be true;

It is for this I write to you.

过晴岚侧畔

2006-11-29

午日过晴岚，
闲垂各执竿。
木樨收郁馥，
赵日落梅天。
荷败擎颓突，
天寒水瓓珊。
停晴流目等，
且看小鱼欢。

Passing by Sunny Fog Riverbank

November 29, 2006

At noon, by riverbank I stroll:
Each leisured angler holds a pole.
Osmanthus grudging fragrant scent,
The winter chill keeps drizzles pent.
Bare, listless lotus leaves droop down,
The water waned, its bottom shown.
Relax, attend with easiness
To little fishes' playfulness.

晨读中偶得句

2006-12-04

早起无别趣，
但听松间鸟。
清风晞白露，
桂馥醉晨晓。
琅琅书声外，
片片白云杳。
因兴驰学海，
我愿不知老。

Inspired During Morning Reading

December 4, 2006

On rising up, no rustic joy I find,
Except to hear the birds 'midst pinewoods tweet.
White dew evaporates by briskly wind;
The autumn's dawn is charmed by osmanthus sweet.
Beyond the pupils' crisp reciting voices,
Wisp after wisp of clouds drift far away.
As flavours of the tomes my heart rejoices,
I hope that I'd forget the time of day.

游拙政园

2006-12-12

远香阁下传幽香，
四顾颦眉绕曲廊。
水落天清凝墨碧，
波沉潭净冷金黄。
紫红不减羞银杏，
苍翠渐凋羡绿樟。
但闻不知何处馥，
且游拙政好风光。

Humble Administrator's Garden

December 12, 2016

Before the Distant Fragrance Hall a fragrance flows —
I glance round winding corridor with curious brows.
The water waned, a crystal emerald in the cold;
The rippled pool gave way to gingkoes' foliage gold.
Yet verdure will not wane, but flirt with gingkoes' gowns;
Flamboyant flowers fade, admiring camphor's crown.
Just feel the fragrance, not the source of such delight,
And see the Humble Garden's lovely sight.

中宵思

2007-02-03

悠扬欢曲外，
子中迎新娘。
昨时有溘逝，
明日齐婚丧。
喜庆原可定，
悲别却无常。
由来天行健，
欣荣转大荒。

Midnight Musings

February 3, 2007

Accompanied by wedding music gay,
At midnight, our bridegroom greets the bride.
Just yesterday, a neighbour passed away —
We have a wedding by a funeral's side.
We meant to spend together happy hours,
Yet sadness catches all of us off-hand.
So resolute are nature's fickle powers,
That lively green field turns to barren land.

夜　归

2007-02-04

单骑夜归家，
疏星傍月牙。
鸣空征雁过，
寒气冻烟花。

Homing at Night

February 4, 2007

Alone, I head home late at night
When stars are sparse, and new moon hangs.
As migrant geese pass by at height,
The chill air freezes fireworks' bangs.

深夜听声

2007-02-07

窗畔几狺过，
雄鸡已竞鸣。
缓声增阒寂，
宏响衬清宁。
寒律催劳雁，
幽阳挂墨松。
隐衷多郁扰，
起夜看长庚。

Hearing Sounds Late at Night

February 7, 2007

By window, several times dog barked;
The cocks have cawed the dawn of day.
I calmer feel, with soft sounds harked.
For louder noise would fade away.
The chill air hasten migrant geese,
And pale moon hang o'er pitch-black pines.
My worries gnaw me with no cease,
That look I up where Venus shines.

献给情人节

2007-02-13

小窗灯灭夜寂声，
衾棉不暖因无情。
七夕不曾怀孤凄，
何苦却思瓦伦丁！

To Valentine's Day

February 13, 2007

Light off by window, night without a sound,
The blanket lukewarm, and I've none around.
I've never pined on Chinese Lovers' Day:
So why on Valentine's Day pine away?

减字木兰花· 柳荫河畔

2007-03-26

柳荫河畔，
水面绿绦青益浅。
知我心间，
款款深情不二般。
春风尤浅，
待到紫红千色懒，
君且来观，
水碧绦蓝直比天！

Willow Shade by River Bank

— To the Tune of Shortened Mu Lan Hua

March 3, 2007

On willow-shaded bank,
The green dips shallowly in crystal blue.
In my heart, to be frank,
Affection took roots deeply just for you.
Spring's breeze but burgeons new,
But soon will thousand violets drunken vie.
Just come and see the hues,
The blazon blue and green that match the sky.

诉衷情·香樟

2007-04-02

江南二月好气候，
碧水绕苏州。
晴光绿漪环布，
独上小阁楼。
风乍起，
雨难收，
叶漂流。
弄得樟叶，
一半浓春，
一半清秋。

Camphor Tree

— To the Tune of Su Zhong Qing

April 2, 2007

The Southland's early spring gives pleasant sights,
Where crystal river glitters round the town.
Surrounded by the greens in broad daylight,
I rise up to the attic on my own.
Out of nowhere, a stormy blast! It soughs,
And catches camphor trees all unawares,
And left remaining foliage on the boughs
Half in the loud spring, half in autumn drear.

卜算子·校园

2007-04-04

二月好风光，
苏大浓春至。
碧树浓荫唱雀莺，
叶透熹熹日。
黄绿上香樟，
风起拂一室。
因爱清高款款风，
又看春秋是。

Campus

— To the Tune of Bu Suan Zi

April 4, 2007

What pleasant early spring!
Our campus born anew!
In green trees, warblers sing,
As sunlight filters through.
Sweet camphor, green and yellow,
With breeze, fills up the hall.
I love the breeze, so mellow
As seasons rise and fall.

无　题

2007-05-03

城外一夜水，
映得几湾秋？
满月不朦胧，
香樟送馥流。
美人在近旁，
我心但恻恻。
深怀曾一人，
不馁且追索。
爱花血不惜，
蔫萎可割腕。
佳芳拒决绝，
我爱究可叹！
绵绵难终了，
去去才知好。
转目他园木，
涸情向幽草。

Untitled

May 3, 2005

How many pools of autumn's own reflection
Could one mere night of country rain arouse?
The moon was full and crystal clean; a river
Of sweet aroma flows from camphor boughs.
With such a charming person by my side,
My heart but flutters with a twinge of woe.
I once held dear to my heart someone special;
The way to chase my love I did not know.
To shed some blood for her heroically!
I fain would pierce my wrist, a lovesick martyr.
And yet, the one rejected me outright;
So pitiable had been all my ardor!
Before, it lingered on, and seemed to last;
Then, at a moment's notice, all did pass
Away. My eyes strayed into someone's orchard;
My love gone dry, I faced the depth of grasses.

反反复复风，
韧竹也弯腰。
停停走走我，
深怀将潜逃。
此春好风光，
却无心思享。
银乌高在上，
纤云浮若淌。
唯光瑟瑟寒，
荡波不堪看。
姑苏四种春，
温放和敛浅。
若非此之故，
秋心早冬寒。

As wind blew over, over and again;
Bamboo, though sturdy, couldn't help but bow.
I hesitate, now stopping, now resuming,
With grief at my heart's bottom, I will go.
Spring comes with such a splendid spectacle,
Yet not for absent-minded louts like me.
The silver sun is shining high in heaven,
And clouds are in a flux and drifting free.
Except the chilly skylight makes me shiver;
My eyes are stung by swaying waves in sight.
Spring in this southern city has four charms,
So mild, so carefree, tender, and so light.
O, were it not for virtues of the season,
My autumnal heart would have gone wintry cold!

题《松鹤图》

2007-05-26

登丁香画堂，赏松鹤佳画。常慕松之敦庄高古，久怀鹤其骞翮远翥。乃题诗一首，后询请画主转贴于此。

抱松望雪几回还，
老鹤听风相翩跹。
寒鹤或比松先老，
松却依鹤不影单。

Inscribed on Painting Pines with Cranes

May 26, 2007

Entering Lilac Gallery, I appreciated fine paintings of pine trees and cranes. Often had I admired the pine tree's simple majesty and elegant austerity; long had I been moved by the crane winging flight. Thus I inscribed a poem, which I later requested the owner of the painting to post here.

The crooked pine trees pace around in hope of snow;
Old cranes cavort among themselves when hearing wind.
Though winter cranes grow old before the pines turn so,
Yet only in the cranes can pines companions find.

过晴岚河

2007-06-09

累日不曾经浦溆，
尊师轩外夏犹清。
风吹碧水痕颦蹙，
珠滚香荷叶铺平。
鸟雀藏声青树里，
鸬鹚翥羽外城空。
四时好景一朝赏，
把酒高歌不枉生！

Passing Sunny Fog River

June 9, 2007

For days, the riverside I haven't seen;
By Mansion, summer is still brisk about.
Breeze presses ripples on the water green;
Green lotus leaves upheave and flatten out.
Hwameis in camphor green conceal their sounds;
And cormorants above the outskirts wing.
From dawn to dusk, fair scenes come all year round —
A life not live in vain! With wine, I sing.

咏广玉兰二首

2006-06-11

一树清高苍碧间，
冰蕤几朵莞尔衔。
不知广玉邀梅月，
疑是白荷嫁木兰。

清和月下沁香风，
治恙沉烟趣不同。
金玉从来仇败絮，
才知荷兰兼慧中。

Two Rhymes of Southern Magnolia

June 11, 2006

A noble tree, with mottled shades of green
Smiles softly, snatching flowers crystal clean.
Not knowing she did early summer meet,
I thought magnolia's wed to lotus sweet.

Under the clear, mild moon, a scented breeze
Will purify the air, thus ailments cease.
I'd thought fair faces oft hid hearts so foul,
Until I'd met magnolia's genuine soul.

缘　聚

2007-06-13

法因本性聚，
缘来色相空。
不须问佛缘，
聚心真如逢。

On Karma

June 13, 2007

Upon True Nature beings aggregate;
Things interlinked are void at any rate.
Don't ask if with the Buddha you relate:
To find your True Nature, just concentrate.

网　缘

2007-06-15

千里白云碧穹熏，
南风催雁雨霏霏。
莫愁网坛无同趣，
缘聚四海道相随。

Online Serendipity

June 15, 2007

Arrays of white clouds fume the sky of blue;
Wind hastens wild geese south; it rains like sleet.
In online forums, friends are never few —
The rest will follow when enthusiasts meet.

端　午

2007-06-19

汨罗犹汩汩，
屈子远行遥。
露甲曾节爱，
辛夷也厚交。
高阳哭造化，
子美叹离骚。
千载倏然逝，
落英自萧萧。

On Dragon Boat Festival

July 19, 2007

The Miluo River gurgles as it flows;
Away the ancient poet Qu Yuan goes.
Magnolia flowers love his virtue true;
And lotuses respect his mettle, too.
Perhaps his ancestors would wail for Qu;
His talent awed the poets Li and Du.
More than a score of centuries have flown,
The falling petals soughing on their own.

更漏·兼怀佳人

2007-06-22

夏至更漏永，
惹人到丑中。
起看茕茕夜，
漫寻懒懒星。
长风扑河水，
晚波皱霓虹。
思君愿来早，
逐岸携手行。

Water Clock & Longing for My Lover

June 22, 2007

On Summer Solstice, time runs sluggishly,
Arousing one to rise in mid of nights.
To rise to see the desolate night sky
And browse languorous stars and planets' lights!
High winds upon the river water whirr;
In evening, ripples mirror neon's glow.
I wish that you will come here early, dear:
Along the riverbank, hands joined, we'll go.

辞山行

2007-06-24

风起黄日间，
鸟向危巢还。
揖手辞君去，
仍归老家山。
风起黄日间，
鸟向危巢还。
揖手辞君去，
西头彩霞边。

On Departing from the Mountain

June 24, 2007

In twilight, wind begins to blow;
Birds fly towards precarious nests.
I bow to you, hands clasped, and go —
Returning home, where I shall rest.
In twilight, wind begins to blow;
Birds fly towards precarious nests.
I bow to you, hands clasped, and go —
To rosy clouds there in the west.

江心秋月

2007-06-29

江船小伫石亭闲，
心悦良辰一念酸。
秋光徘徊清波里，
月色氤氲轩榭间。
可怜嫦娥舒广袖，
寂寞吴刚问苍天。
相托青鸟飞云外，
秋池逐水下巴山。

Autumnal Moon at River's Heart

June 29, 2007

By stone pavilion moors a river barge;
Delightful – bar a sorrow twinge looms large.
The autumn glows where clear waves undulate;
A misty moon midst mansions permeates.
Moon Goddess dances with her sleeves in rue.
And lonely Woodman asks the sky of blue.
I'll send afar my blue bird messenger,
And when it's time, will go to live with her.

荷花开

2007-07-10

花开花落花婆娑，
无声无息无寂寞。
冷暖晴阴且来去，
放时闻香落可歌。

Lotuses in Bloom

July 10, 2007

When flowers bloom, and fall, they so enchant;
No sound, no breaths, no solitude they show.
Vicissitudes of life may come and go,
They bloom, and scent; and when they fall, we chant.

过晴岚

2007-07-10

三日不来雨，
风过晴岚河。
芊芊出素水，
菀菀上绿波。
菡萏孵红莺，
芙蓉举白鸽。
但约金黄鲤，
相偎浅浅说。

Passing by Sunny Fog River

July 10, 2007

Three days have passed, no trace of rain;
On Sunny Fog River, breeze blows.
Green waves appear on water plain;
With utmost tameness, water flows.
Like orioles blooms the lotus red;
The white one seems a standing dove.
Koi fishes roam in pairs and triads,
And softly whisper words of love.

与友游留园

2007-08-19

七月初七日，
轻步巡留园。
转阁出山堂，
皴波草木间。
风吹抖绿绸，
水动推云山。
金鲤弹碧池，
白鲢上青天。
袅袅传丝竹，
娉娉唱玉颜。
游人但驻步，
孤我不思还。
一情无所以，
逍遥不羡仙。

Touring Lingering Garden with Friend

August 19, 2007

We softly stroll around the Lingering Garden
On Double-Seventh, Chinese lovers' day.
We turn the corner out of mountain temple,
And midst the trees and grasses wind our way.
The silken willows sough in blowing wind;
And clouds are drawn by water flowing by.
As gold carps leap upon the emerald pond,
Some carps of white soar into azure sky.
I hear the melody of pipes and strings,
And charming are the voices of the singers.
The tourists halt their steps at such a scene,
And I forget to home, alone to linger.
Such sentiment evoked makes me feel airy,
That I am no more envious of a fairy.

太湖曲

2007-08-23

日发西山，必经太湖。今者云盖，朝气氤氲。
望太湖上，烟波不尽，势与天齐，混沌难分。
恰有小舟，隐约上下。乃竟奇想，达摩一苇，
渡湖西去，引我包山。遂成四句，言不尽意。

南望太湖水，
烟与波渺茫。
孤舟去欲尽，
一苇上天航。

Tai Lake Song

August 23, 2007

Each day when I set out for the West Mountain, I must go by way of Lake Tai. Today it was covered with clouds, and dense with morning mist. I descried upon Lake Tai endless mist and ripples, imposing as the sky itself, and apparently inseparable from it. By change I found a little boat, barely visible between them. Then a strange vision dawned on me of Bodidharma, the first patriarch of Zen Buddhism, sailing upon one single reed raft, crossing the lake westward, toward Mount Bao where I was heading. Then I came up with four lines, which alone could by no means sum up what was then at heart.

To south I see Lake Tai
With mist and ripples faint.
Lone boat to skyline went:
Reed raft soars to the sky.

太湖曲

2007-09-01

太湖起大风，
波伏势汹涌。
白日云层没，
渔船浪尖行。
雨来秋气爽，
莲动山水清。
好因包山禅，
一番澈七情。

Song of Tai Lake

September 1, 2007

A big wind starts upon Lake Tai —
Waves fall and fiercely surge up high.
Pale sun beyond the clouds submerge;
A fisher rides atop the surge.
The rain brings brisky autumn air,
Lotuses shaken, landscape fair.
Some Ch'an at Baoshan Monastery
Clears seven passions instantly.

卜算子·雨下葱绿

2007-09-19

秋雨借西风，
酣畅来苏大。
沥沥绵绵浅浅拂，
青绿流波下。
却似等归人，
凄冷全不怕。
若是胭脂洗面湿，
适且天然画。

Lushly Green in the Rain

— To the Tune of Bu Suan Zi

September 19, 2007

Autumnal rain bestrides west wind
To our college campus find.
It pitters, patters, drizzles, soft,
In green, descending from aloft.
As if awaiting mate to home,
It braves the chill and cold that come.
Though smudged up, washed off, and in blush,
It's still a work of nature's brush.

过野巷

2007-09-28

经行野巷却徘徊，
桂馥轻浅曲亭台。
遍览周遭无踪迹，
不知暗香何处来。

Passing Through Remote Alley

September 28, 2007

I tarried. Down a nameless lane I went —
Around pavilion came osmanthus's scent.
Though looking round, no traces did I see:
The source of such scent was a mystery.

重阳过橘园小径

2007-10-20

凉风下北方，
君子意如何？
江湖秋水静，
四海红叶奢。
桔满枝难负，
桂繁馥无遮。
若果登高处，
忧思更良多。

Passing Mandarin Orchard

October 20, 2007

As chilling north wind came down here,
How have you been of late, my dear?
The lakes and rivers' roars did cease,
Leaves reddened here within Four Seas.
With mandarins laden, branches bent;
Osmanthus thrived with seeping scent.
Should you ascend to places high,
Your plaintive thoughts shall multiply.

金银花

2007-10-30

一叶一世界，
一物一天光。
秋尽百华去，
忍冬雨后香。

Woodbine (Honeysuckle)

October 30, 2007

A cosmos lies in every leaf,
For heaven's light on all things casts.
When autumn ends, all blossoms fade —
But after rain, sweet woodbine lasts.

嫦娥慨

2007-11-03

嫦娥舒广袖，
华夏舞群龙。
七年再雄踞，
狮吼彻寰中！

Thoughts on Chang-E Probe

November 3, 2007

Moon-goddess Chang-E spreads her broad sleeves out,
And hordes of Chinese dragons prance throughout.
In seven years, ascending yet once more —
Entire world will hear the lion's roar!

木莲赋

2007-11-10

百花喧妍后，
木莲笑冬辉。
清雅擎枝杪，
淡淡看芳菲。

Ode to Hibiscus

November 10, 2007

When hundred-flowered riot stops,
Hibiscus smile in wintry glow.
With grace, they tiptoe on twigs' tops,
Detached, as myriads come and go.

行人暮投包山寺

2007-11-14

禅寺深几许?
问公知不知。
唯见秋木苍,
且听杜鹃啼。
月上钟楼侧,
乌栖老柏枝。
风高星稀夜,
梵呗绕梁时。

Lodging at Baoshan Temple at Night

November 14, 2007

How far out does this temple go?
I wonder if you know — do you?
I see but autumn's woods loom low,
And hear the cuckoos crying, too.
The moon ascends to belfry's side;
Crows roost upon old cypress bough,
Night wind blows high, stars spread out wide —
The Buddhist chant will linger now.

包山银杏

2007-11-17

三日再往包山去，
公孙共橘对青苍。
却入禅门无意看，
鹅掌向阳片片黄。

Ginkgoes on Mount Bao

November 17, 2007

In three days, head I to Mount Bao once more,
Where gingkoes, mandarins face the verdure gray.
And yet, unmoved, I turn to Temple's door —
Like goose feet, yellow leaves bask in sun's ray.

阳台东望

2007-11-21

宿舍东瞰城外河，
游舫划碎绿漪波。
若非满云隔丽日，
不似薄纱把人娑。

Looking Out East from Balcony

November 21, 2007

I eastwards look: the river comes in sight,
Its ripples crumpled up by touring boats.
If billows didn't blind the bright sunlight,
The men would not appear in silken coats.

赏游天平山

2007-12-03

吴中天平立，
范坟接白云。
万笏朝天敬，
千枫向日纷。
秋尽风景异，
雁辞寒意深。
古墓森森在，
经过无问津。

Sightseeing on Taiping Mountain

December 3, 2007

In Wuzhong District stands a mountain high,
Where tomb of Minister scrapes clouds of white.
Like royal tablets, peaks all hail the sky,
And maples shed their leave in fair sunlight.
Towards autumn's end, the landscape different seems;
Wild geese departed, coldness creeps in air.
The old tomb stands. The air with chillness teems.
And yet, no passersby shall visit there.

桂花冬酿酒

2007-12-21

冬浅无聊遍无香，
沏茶寻酒常日央。
姑苏一饮桂花酿，
不须蟾宫问吴刚。

Fermented Osmanthus Wine in Winter

December 21, 2007

The winter starts. I'm bored: no scents around.
In search for drinks, elapsed the morning soon.
Some Soochownese osmanthus wine I've found:
No need to beg the Woodman on the moon.

包山寒梅

2008-01-04

包山寺外千树栽，
冷风曳杪不作排。
万朵寒芳犹待岁，
一枝雪梅领香来。

Wintersweet Outside Baoshan Temple

January 4, 2008

A thousand trees outside the temple here;
The cold gale swung the branches out of line.
While myriads still await the coming year,
A wintersweet exudes a fragrance fine.

姑苏又雪

2008-01-15

东吴飘大雪，
亮我南开窗。
衾冷浑不觉，
穿衣急下床。
姑苏难得好雪至，
怎教木樨不匆忙！
但出宿舍楼，
四下唯张望。
天门兀自开，
白雪飞八方。
不见铺地面，
只闻雪化香。
苗圃承接，
绿地茫茫。

It is Snowing Again in Gusu

January 15, 2008

It's snowing on the campus in southeast;
My window facing south is white without.
Though blanket's cold, I do not care the least;
Instead, I soon get dressed and hurry out.
The southern town gets rare and lovely snow,
And how can this not get me on the go?
As soon as I got out of my own dorm,
At every place I only gazed around.
As if a gate in firmament did form,
From which the snowflakes sprinkle all around.
I see no whiteness spread and strewn below,
But smell the sweetness of the thawing snow.
The nursery on campus catches flakes;
The green tract seems to know no boundaries.

腊梅衔瑞，
文星顶苍。
尊师轩前碧水幽，
涟漪褶褶羡枝黄。
路人有笑我，
不知个中趣。
百年或一遇，
摄它如许张。
景中虽无我，
有我却添伤。
身旁棵棵金丹桂，
自然木樨才益彰。
我且冷作神仙人，
一时一刻游天堂！

Where wintersweet appears to snatch the flakes,
The Scholar's Mansion seems to scrape the skies.
In front of Teachers' Hall sits emerald pond;
Its ripples envy yellowed branches yond.
From people passing by I hear some jeers;
They cannot know my joy, and hence the laughs.
Such snow falls but once in a hundred years,
So why not snap a bunch of photographs?
And yes, I'll leave poor me outside the frame.
For otherwise, I sure would be to blame.
But gold osmanthus trees by me will make
The models which will flatter every take.
I'd be a free immortal all in leisure,
And go to roam the Heaven just for pleasure.

雨中寒梅

2008-01-20

一树寒梅倚东墙，
妒天将雨浸孤芳。
不知梅骨从寒傲，
全洗颜色馥自香。

Wintersweet in Rain

January 20, 2008

By east wall leans a tree of winter plums;
Sky, jealous, rains to drown this fragrant one.
But it is from the chill that boldness comes:
Scent lingers, though they're washed, their colours gone.

长竹赋

2008-01-29

竹拔十尺倚东墙，
夏沐急雨冬看霜。
可怜直节生来瘦，
也慕高材老更刚。

Ode to the Long Bamboo

January 29, 2008

Bamboo by eastern wall, some ten feet tall,
Has braved the summer shower and winter hoar.
Its jointed culms at birth have been so lean;
Its noble frame gets bolder when it's older.

竹

2008-02-17

东窗半枝竹，
晴翠无寒暑。
自而看春风，
休管红无数。

Bamboo

February 17, 2008

By eastern window, some bamboo
Grows green in sunshine all year through.
It coolly eyes the springtime's breeze,
As reds indulge in riotous sprees.

小子放鸢

2008-02-20

暮晚单车过晴川，
高炉落日上青烟。
南风煦暖拂苗绿，
稚子田垄放纸鸢。

Children Flying Kites

February 20, 2008

I ride by riverside in sunset's sheen;
Tall furnaces in twilight smoke in white.
Warm southern breeze caresses budding greens
As children in the field fly paper kites.

林屋梅海拍照赋诗三首

2008-03-03

盛日寻春太湖滨，
无边波光映岛深。
若非识得东风面，
不教渔歌入水心。

红梅绿波风，
好日莺鸟声。
游人欢笑去，
春回自水东。

几红几白登山高，
忽素忽艳看春潮。
凭栏驾浮观梅海，
笑疑姑苏雪未消。

Photo-Shooting by Sea of Plums

March 3, 2008

The sun burns bright. For lakeside I depart,
Where boundless glimmers mirror distant isles.
Had lake not known the breeze of spring by heart,
The fisher's tune would not have traveled miles.

Plums bloom in red, and waves and wind in green;
The sun is fair, and so are orioles' sounds.
The happy folks are gone and no more seen;
With water from the east, spring comes around.

Now red, now white — I climb up mountain trail;
Now plain, now bright — at sights of spring I'm awed.
By balustrade, on sea of plums I sail,
And smile, suspecting Soochow hasn't thawed.

读《王维传》哭诗佛

2008-03-16

两日一读摩诘传，
三哭九叹诗佛情。
千载白云淡去去，
辋川绿水流声声。

Reading Wang Wei's Biography and Weeping for Buddha of Poetry

March 16, 2008

I spent last two days reading of Wang Wei,
And for Poetic Buddha wept away.
A thousand years have fled, his clouds no more,
Yet green Wang River gurgles evermore.

偶　得

2008-03-18

东吴好风致，
岁起物华长。
雨湿闹群鸟，
春暖肥绿樟。
随性听天籁，
得趣摄兰香，
转眸才泰然，
落霞染西方。

Serendipity

March 18, 2008

In eastern China, landscape has its charms;
Each year, it takes so long for things to sprout.
Rain moisturizes, stirring birds in swarms.
Spring balmy, camphor trees of green plump out.
Pay heed to nature's music if one may;
Inhale the orchids' scent with all one's zest.
For peace of mind, from things turn eyes away —
The falling twilight tints the rosy west.

过尊师轩

2008-03-20

归途可得赏玉兰，
四日一过尊师轩。
看水风从绿波碧，
游眸日向白香寒。
随性随趣随来往，
约晴约雨约自然。
摩诘不论风尘事，
坐任白云自往还。

Passing Pavilion of Venerable Teachers

March 20, 2008

On my way back, the orchids can be seen;
I pass Pavilion every four days still.
The wind is emerald with the ripples green;
Magnolia's pale scent makes the sunlight chill.
I follow heart and passion everywhere;
With sun and rain and nature I excurse.
Vimalakirti has no worldly care —
He lets the white clouds gather and disperse.

红玉兰

2008-03-21

白玉依约落，
红兰渐而香。
看花满眼泪，
望空参与商。

白玉依约落，
红兰始蕾开。
春光普惠久，
千色婷婷来。

Red Magnolia

March 21, 2008

Magnolia white lingers, then dies;
Magnolia red scents gradually.
At flowers' sight, tears fill the eyes
Which Scorpio and Orion see.

Magnolia white lingered, then fall;
Magnolia red will start to sprout.
For long has spring bestowed on all,
And thousand graceful shades come out.

鱼　鹰

2008-03-27

停车坐爱拂风柳，
桃红映下来木舟。
小船摇橹春水动，
鱼鹰摆翮老人悠。

Ospreys

March 27, 2008

I pause – the breeze-blown willows me endear;
In red peach blossoms' shade, wood boat drifts here.
A boat is rowed, and stirs the stream of spring;
The ospreys flap their wings, man pleasuring.

晴岚河

2008-03-30

毕竟晴岚三月终，
风光不与四时同。
婷婷白玉依依落，
结结丁香款款红。

Qinglan River

March 30, 2008

The River late in March is after all
Unlike in other seasons of the year.
The charming white magnolias timely fall
While budding lilacs blush in season near.

看长春大雪图有感

2008-03-26

长天送寒春，
吉鼠眠高林。
丰年好大雪，
愁煞青帝君。

On Seeing Painting of Heavy Snow in Changchun

March 26, 2008

The boundless sky sees frigid spring come near;
The Year of Rat in forest hibernates.
A heavy snow harbingers harvest year,
Frustrating God of Spring who sorely waits.

葑门横街词

2008-04-14

葑门横街老汉迎，
向余西指密云生。
近日东君不在府，
如此春飚何日停？

Lyric of Fengmen Side Street

April 14, 2008

An old man comes to me on Fengmen Street,
And points to western sky where billows meet.
The Lord Sun's not been on his eastern throne —
O, when on earth will gales of spring be gone?

含笑咏

2008-05-04

其一

含笑相对笑，
绿衣作凉帽。
芳心暗自许，
相拥入怀抱。

其二

缓带轻裘夜未央，
倚栏含笑绽幽黄。
随心看月双眸净，
信手拈花五指香。

Rhyme of Banana Shrubs

May 4, 2008

I

Banana shrubs, both smiling, face each other,
Their cool estival hats once coats of green.
Perhaps they gave their hearts to one another,
As each into its partner's bosom leans.

II

I'm loosely dressed into the night's long hours;
You bloom by balustrade with yellow flowers.
My sight is cleansed when moon with pure heart meet;
The flowers fondled make my fingers sweet.

雨中过东吴

2008-05-08

擎伞归行踏落花，
东吴霈爽润芳华。
樱枝复叶随风坠，
月季羞红带雨斜。

Passing Soochow University in Rain

May 8, 2008

Umbrella up, I home on petaled way;
The brisk rain's bounty gave the flowers scents.
The cherry leaves are beaten, blown away,
The Chinese roses shyly red and bent.

惊闻汶川亡魂将万痛作

2008-05-13

地震汶川碎太平，
万千子弟咽哭声。
了无征兆山河裂，
我恸张衡不再生！

Grieving for Ten Thousand Victims in the Wenchuan Earthquake

May 13, 2008

An earthquake struck Wenchuan and peace was shattered;
Ten thousand men and women sob and mourn.
Without a premonition, the land was battered —
Woe, China's seismograph's not been reborn.

楼头新绿

2008-12-19

丁香枝头新绿发，
冬至未至午日斜。
暖风熏得木樨醉，
明年姑苏不见花。

Sprouting Green Nestled Against the Building

September 19, 2008

The branchtop lilacs sprouting freshly green,
It's not yet Winter Solstice, nor midday.
As drunken in warm breeze as have I been,
Next spring, when flowers bloom, I'll go away.

劝世人

2009-05-21

时人不读圣贤书，
动性无理总糊涂。
路遥却忘估马力，
人心日久方知乎。

Advice to the World

May 21, 2009

Some folks today leave classics far behind,
Unstable in their tempers, always blind.
Before you travel distance, test your strength;
True faces of the world you'll know at length.

题自像有句

2009-05-21

附雅不妨也抱朴，
洞达何碍偶糊涂。
仰天大笑出门去，
老子本来一匹夫！

Verse on Self-Portrait

May 21, 2009

Though arty-crafty, never crafty be;
While worldly-wise, at times act tactlessly.
Head up, I laugh and through the door depart —
I'm no more than a commoner at heart!

题自书有句

2009-05-21

笔墨本自无幽情，
木樨无过写心声。
偶尔看云想纸砚，
一泼一落雅俗成。

Verse on My Calligraphy

May 21, 2009

Of subtle passion brush and ink are free;
I — Osmanthus — write from the heart of me.
Watching clouds make me yearn for writing tools,
To splash and stroke for both the wise and fools.

题摄影有句

2009-05-21

自由来去皆风景，
随手抓拍为怡情。
倘若明年我去了，
记得姑苏我曾经。

Verse on My Photograph

May 21, 2009

Just freely come and go and beauty find,
For casual snapshots edify the mind.
If I will not be here the coming year,
Know that I once have been in Gusu here.

将离别夏日有雨

2009-06-26

我去竟何由？
姑苏不系舟。
闲曾听鸟哔，
行也看花羞。
三载江南恨，
一腔坡老愁！
临别忽气急，
乍冷夏如秋。

Rain on Summer Day of Departure

June 26, 2009

For what on earth did I depart from here?
Like drifting boat, this down untethered me.
In leisure, tweeting birds I once would hear,
When on the go, the flowers' blush I'd see.
Three years have gone away, but not my cares;
Love unrequited fills my bosom still.
At parting, weather caught me unawares:
At once, hot summer turned to autumn chill.

悼季羡林、任继愈二公

2009-07-11

其一

齐鲁云四野，
冷雨遍中华。
却望星何处，
苍茫问晚霞。

其二

齐鲁临冷雨，
我竟不知愁！
才恸希逋去，
还惊又之休。
东方烛火暗，
北斗亮光收。
便把觚筹举，
一怀醉苦忧！

Elegy to Masters Ji Xianlin and Ren Jiyu

July 11, 2009

I

Clouds shroud historic Shandong all around;
The whole of China's washed by chilly rain.
I look around for stars, but none have found,
I ask the sky their whereabouts in vain.

II

Cold rain falls on historic Qi and Lu,
Mere sorrow will not move me anymore!
No sooner have I mourned for him, Xipu,
Than I hear Youzhi was with us no more.
The candlelight has dimmed in eastern sky;
Big Dipper ceased to emit lights so glary.
I cannot help but hold my goblet high —
A bosomful of bitter grief to bury!

少昊陵

2009-07-27

旧县登高阜，
参天古柏森。
陵孤人少迹，
苔碧路成茵。
少昊金天去，
穷桑何处寻？
万石山上旷，
望断史前心。

At the Tomb of Shaohao, the Yellow Emperor's Prince

July 27, 2009

When climbing up Old County's burial mound,
I see a cypress forest scraping skies.
The lone tomb stands, with few men's footprints found;
By trails a mossy blanket overlies.
The heir of Yellow Emperor long gone,
Where can the Qufu sovereign be found?
The view from Lookout of Ten-Thousand Stones
Is such that history's ken cannot confound.

念姑苏

2009-08-16

爰风吹散月边云，
送目迢迢但思君。
菡萏凌云花落否？
香残只恨不归人。

Missing Soochow

August 16, 2009

By moon, a lovely breeze blew clouds apart;
I saw you off, while taking you to heart.
Did lotuses by the tower fall away?
Their plaintive scent bemoans you, faraway.

儿童放学

2009-09-16

一步一阶出政法，
天低树静日西划。
儿童放学归来早，
闲逗懒猫竟忘家。

Children Back from School

September 16, 2009

I stroll from campus down each step and stair;
The sky looms low, trees still; the sun glides west.
The children came from school already there
To tease the cats, and will not home and rest.

无　题

2009-10-07

八月中秋凝月光，
姑苏昔日费思量。
枕边不觉双行泪，
梦里倏闻金桂香。

Untitled

October 7, 2009

On the Mid-Autumn Night, moonlight condenses;
Past memories from Soochow flood my senses.
By pillow-side steal down two lines of tears;
In dream, at once, osmanthus' fragrance nears.

有　思

2009-10-09

皎皎空中尔问予，
东吴新桂发何如？
月圆人聚不觉恋，
两地清辉才唏嘘。

Wistful

October 9, 2009

You ask me from the sky with light so crystal,
In south, how does this year's osmanthus bloom?
We gather when you're full, nobody wistful,
When parted, then we start to feel a gloom.

下课别径

2009-10-16

下课归途，旧路不行。突发奇想，乃上月亭。

小径崎岖，未曾修整。野花遍地，读书声声。

觉有趣耳，弄字吟风。

月亭风起晚，
日落向西陵。
拾步从斜陌，
摘花有读声。

Remote Path Taken After Class

October 16, 2009

Returning after class, I avoided the usual path. It crossed my mind to climb to the Moon Pavilion. The narrow trail was rugged and in disrepair; wild flowers were scattered all about; the sound of students reciting books was in the air. I found all this quite delightful, then played the words and rhymed on what I saw.

By Moon Pavilion, wind blows day away;
The sun sets to the west of Maoling Mound.
I step by step ascend a slanting way,
And, culling flowers, hear a reading sound.

雪中山政行

2009-11-12

其一

新雪落无声，
连绵铺北城。
茂陵一路去，
大雪坠青松。

其二

茂陵飘大雪，
开我素新颜。
小径一线步，
青杉两向弯。
夜听风簌簌，
梦恋雨潺潺。
流水融雪后，
人间天地宽。

Walk in the Snow-Covered Shandong University of Political Science and Law

November 12, 2009

I

Falls virgin snow, without a sound,
Unbroken, shrouding northern town.
And all the way from Maoling Mound,
Thick snow bends verdant pines twigs down.

II

On Maolin Hill a big snow flew,
Unveiling scenes pristine and new.
On trail, in straight line footprints went,
And cedars green to two sides bent.
At night, I heard wind sough and beat,
In dream, I clung to gurgling sleet.
With water flowing, snow is thawed,
The mundane world at last so broad.

其三

和她，和她，
醉也快哉风华。
新雪飘上茂陵，
携手小径，看我娇红。
娇红，娇红，
素颜如雪，暖我初冬。

III

With her, with her,

I revel like I'm high.

Upon the Maoling Hill fell virgin snow;

On passage, hand-in-hand we go;

She is my gorgeous flower, lo!

So gorgeous, she's so gorgeous, o,

Unpainted like untainted snow,

She warms my early winter so.

观厚凤梅花照有句

2010-03-03

人面红梅相映红，
姑苏一别一秋冬。
等闲曾作姑苏客，
归鲁常思老法桐。

Beholding Photo of Houfeng by a Plum Tree

March 3, 2013

Plum blossoms and men's faces meet in red —
Since I left Soochow, one whole year has fled.
Though my sojourn'd been fleeting in Gusu,
I missed its phoenix trees back home in Lu.

勉泽东有句

2010-03-14

黄粱一觉南柯笑，
错过春光枉费神。
少做青天白日梦，
便成当下幸福人。

Verse Encouraging Zedong

March 13, 2010

Though in your daydreams smile you may,
Awake, get real, and seize the day.
You'd be the happiest man alive
If you dream less, and start to live.

酒后闻枣花有句

2010-06-08

醉酒只因月色好，
意浓全忘早回家。
楼头忽转幽香沛，
寻遍周遭是枣花。

Verse After Smelling Jujube Flowers in Drunkenness

June 8, 2010

I overdrank for moon was bright and round,
That I forgot to home at early hours.
By home, a rich scent made me turn around,
To find myself in sea of jujube flowers.

酷暑劝学

2010-07-04

海右五年不是暑，
姑苏三载哪成闷。
笑说茹苦风云淡，
经过舛途看落尘。

Encouraging Students in the Hot Summer

July 4, 2010

Five years in Jinan didn't made me melt,
Nor did three years in Gusu make me swelt.
Just laugh it off, and all will be so light;
The stormy sea will calm down in hindsight.

七夕·抱月

2010-08-16

又遇七夕，本无他味。昨西望楼头，阴云如故。今再窥天右，皓月当空。君友关切，仍独自否；我心怀思，曾爱恋无？转身立于阳台之上，抬首寻于长空之中。何夜无月，何月无人，独无闲愁如今夜之我者！乃有四句：

君问七夕未有陪，
可怜红酒盛残杯。
一般寂寞二般恨，
今夜婵娟昨夜归。

Double-Seventh Night

August 16, 2010

It's Double-Seventh night again, when I had no gusto otherwise. Yesterday, I looked out west from the tower, only to see dark clouds looming as before. Tonight, looking east, I saw the moon illuminating the sky. My friend is concerned whether I am still alone, and in my heart I am harboring such a thought: haven't I also been in love? I turned and stood on the balcony, and raised my head to search in the vast sky. On what night does the moon not shine? On whom does it not cast its light? Yet none is lonesome and sorrowed like me tonight! Hence the following four lines:

You ask if I'm alone on Lovers' Night —
Some red wine's left unfinished in my glass.
One solitude begets two types of plight,
My Moon Queen's left for home last night, alas!

回山师

2010-08-26

故园一返看芳菲，
彩袖飘摇柳幕垂。
红李随风还自语，
佳期如梦总相违。

Returning to My Alma Mater

August 26, 2010

On campus, I enjoy the flowers there.
The willows veil the ladies' sleeves so fair.
The swaying red plums murmur in the wind;
Seasons of loves are fleeting and unkind.

怀南佳人

2010-09-08

其一

二载伶仃别醋库，
相思总是梦里长。
姑苏不系舟北去，
常咏唏嘘泪凤凰。

其二

黄昏把酒暗闻香，
辗转徐寻费思量。
只记姑苏常暗送，
揪心从未在北方。

Longing for Southern Beauty

September 8, 2010

I

I've left the Lovers' Lane for two years now;
In dreams, my longings still are ever strong.
Though drifted north, untethered from Soochow,
I often sigh for Phoenix in my song.

II

At dusk, I drink, and faintly smell a scent,
And slowly searched about, but all in vain.
In Gusu, this to me was often sent —
And now up north am I impressed again.

对　月

2010-09-22

其一

今晚月亮大又圆，
老夫四顾仍孤单。
宅男一个改作业，
辜负窗外银夜天。

With the Moon

September 22, 2010

I

The moon is big and round tonight;

I look around, and feel aloof.

To mark assignments under roof!

— The splendid night sky out of sight.

其二

独自凭栏，
一片江山，
筒子楼上，
皓月悬天。
清辉漂泻，
暗星两点。
子不我陪，
秋风无言。
畅想当初，
佳期如梦，
染柳烟浓，
丽日长空，
畦田机井，
泼水哗声，
银盘东起，
迷藏西东。
红枣澄梨，
寒蛙闹蟋。
煮豆金米，
凉风北徐。

II

I lean by balustrade alone,
The splendid scene have merged as one;
Above apartment building high,
The bright moon floats in mid of sky.
Behold its crystal, drifting sheen!
So few are starlights faintly seen!
I am without your company;
Autumnal wind blows wordlessly.
In retrospect, the past does seem
Such blessed hours, as a dream;
Each misty willow's hued like dye;
The bright sun lights up boundless sky;
The wells are pumping in the fields:
And pumping, splashing water yield;
The silver plate in eastern air
Plays hide-and-seek from there to here.
Behold! Red jujubes, crystal pear!
And hark! Cicadas shrill, frogs drear!
Let's boil the beans and golden grains;
Slow, northbound breeze with coolness reigns.

中秋来也，
人生适意。
且歌且舞，
乐此不疲。
恍然廿载，
往昔不再，
成人多愁，
旧事添哀。
事业难立，
竖子不才，
尽孝难成，
谋生唯慨。
慨当以慷，
忧思难忘，
何以解忧，
唯有杜康！
且把酒来，
对月嚣张，
老夫是谁，
吞尔长江！

Mid-Autumn Fest is coming soon,
And life is cozy. Life's a boon.
Let's sing and dance as we desire,
And may we joy, and never tire.
A sudden twenty score years passed —
The good old days don't ever last;
Adulthood's filled with sorrow new,
Which memories but added to.
'Tis hard to work towards success;
My talent seems so ever less;
To be a pious son I tried;
O, life is hard! I all but sighed.
How can I vent impassioned thought
When sorrows cannot be forgot?
How can I soothe my sorrow long
But with fermented liquor strong?!
Just serve a cup of wine to me —
I'll toast to moon, my passion free;
For after all, o, who am I? —
A daring spirit bold and high.

祝君辞

2010-09-27

祝酒何须君对面，
举杯邀月共三人。
别来天地仍一样，
唯有离情秋色深。

Birthday Wishes to You

September 27, 2010

A toast need not be given face-to-face;
The cup, the moon and I are three in all.
Though we may part, the world resumes its ways,
Yet love assumes a deepened tinge of fall.

无　题

2010-12-21

幽风一唱罢，
皓月正东方。
相思何难减，
姑苏梦里苍。

听茶饮乐声，
黑昼夜通明。
何问楼前柳，
冬蛰春又荣。

Untitled

December 21, 2010

By time my pastoral song I'd sung,
Bright moon in east arose and hung.
Of longing I'm forever full;
In dreams, Gusu grew old and dull.

With tea, I hear the music's sound,
The dark night lit up all around.
Why ask the willow time of year?
When winter rests, green spring will near.

告学生圣诞书

2010-12-25

学西未可悉生搬，
圣诞于吾不足欢。
不记曾经争午日？
再疏忘祖笑邯郸。

圣诞温情暖大千，
由来欢乐雪无边。
若然圣老除夕醉，
不惧西风扫周燕。

To Students on Christmas

December 25, 2010

The Western things you shouldn't learn by rote;
In me, your Christmas craze no joy evokes.
Korea is now "home of dragon boat －"
Remember: heritage is not a joke.

Sure, Christmas should bring warmth to everyone,
For since of old, the joy is vast as snow.
Were Santa's heart by Chinese New Year won,
Then China wouldn't fear as west winds blow.

归妹颂四首

2011-07-25

雨透三寻土，
初伏润物华。
清波泻窗牖，
衾落始觉察。

醉听一夜雨，
声断似还连。
悄悒随别梦，
天明怨寤还。

Four Eulogies to Marriage

July 25, 2011

Deep into soil percolates the rain,
To nourish nature's fruits the first dog day.
Its cascades, crystalline, wash down the pane,
Eluding me till blanket falls away.

I listen to the rain in drunkenness,
Whose broken beats persist through tedious night.
In parting's pain I pine, all sullenness
Till dawn, complaining of my sleepless plight.

思侬惮夜永，
卧立梦不成。
桐叶海右雨。
一声粘一声。

佛山一路槐，
香落浥尘埃。
不觉飘零乱，
为因归妹来。

Might night keep me forever lone? I fear,
And fidget, out of favour with my dreams.
Sterculia foliage drowns the town with tears:
Sob after sob ensuing, so it seems.

Pagoda trees parade by, as I head
To Buddha's Hill; their leaves fall on the ground.
And yet, they won't perturb while being shed,
For our wedding day is coming round.

写赠东吴旧友二首

2011-07-28

姑苏有客来，
把酒叙开怀。
但问晴岚水，
一仍照榭台？

推盏忘吴歌，
齐风物广多。
明朝临绝顶，
岱宗夫如何！

Two Verses Written to Old Friend from the Southeast

July 28, 2011

With my old friend come over from the south,
We traded hearts, conversing over wine.
I wondered if the river in our youth
Still mirrors that pavilion just fine?

Let glasses clink, leave Southland out of mind;
Discover Northland's greater many wonders.
To scale the Thousand Buddha's Peak! To find
Mount Tai, the Peak of Peaks, well under!

梦　中

2011-08-18

梦里难执手，
觉来枕是空。
倚栏追皓月，
美目没云中。

In the Dream

August 18, 2011

It's hard to hold hands in a dream, for when
Awakened, all ephemeral things are gone.
By balustrade, you chase the moon, and then
Before you know, sweet eyes with clouds are one.

悼念苏晓军老师

2015-12-17

岁末姑苏景物哀，
楼阁端肃凤不来。
三尺台上寒兰落，
烟雨犹拂清气徊。

Mourning for Mr. Su Xiaojun

December 17, 2015

Vistas have gone bleak, and the year grown old.
No phoenix comes to mansions deadly stiff.
Upon the terrace, orchids wilt in cold;
Still, in the misty rain, its scent I sniff.

冬日登茂陵山

2015-12-24

人间仙境茂陵山，
烟霭迷离不必谈。
但恐英魂车驾去，
犹须问道向司南。

Mounting Maoling Hill in the Winter

December 24, 2015

O Maoling, what an earthly paradise:
Like all, with hazy smog beyond a doubt.
But if the martyred souls flee to the skies,
They'd still with compass find direction out.

丙申孟夏遥祝恩师大寿

2016-06-28

丙申夏日聚紫航，
子弟雅集汇八方。
曾下江南游惊梦，
也从辽外寄老庄。
名传中外经籍远，
功旷戴杨桃李芳。
但借椿庭齐贺寿，
千年柏叶再凝香。

Birthday Wishes from Afar to Dear Teacher in Early Summer of the Fire Monkey Year

June 28, 2016

His pupils from around the world come here
To Zihang House, in Fire Monkey Year.
Down south, you've rendered dramas in your youth;
In northeast, as a scholar, Daoist Truth.
Your fame, through classics, spread far overseas,
Your merits high, your pupils masterly.
We celebrate, together, your birthday:
May you live long, to teach the wondrous Way.

亭午登茂岭山

2016-06-03

九分问顶茂陵山，
风光气度觉不凡。
四方环顾惟浩荡，
花开蝶舞天地宽。

Mounting Maoling Hill at Noon

June 3, 2016

In nine minutes, I scaled the Maoling Heights;
Extraordinary are the views and ambience.
I look around, to see magnificence:
With flowers and butterflies, a world in sight.

观霾茂陵山

2016-06-07

燕翅茂陵相望间，
小楼突起上鼎山。
栋阁淹没向西去，
清风徐来也喟然。

Beholding Smog From Maoling Hill

June 7, 2016

The hill and Swallow's Wings stand face-to-face;
A small pavilion stands atop the mound.
Behind the billow, buildings all are lost,
Though cool breeze comes, they still cannot be found.

悼陆老神仙

2016-07-30

衣行无二采，
醉忘问学间。
英汉舟航渡，
文墨骊驾骞。
修辞二百万，
编撰四十年。
才叹中华印，
绝麟泪愕然。

Mourning Professor Lu Gusun, a Master Sage

July 30, 2016

No frills, you were in humble clothes attired;
With great enchantment, knowledge you inquired.
You've ferried us between the East and West;
Your writings surely rank among the best.
Two million printed words did come along
In your career, forty winters long.
Your masterpiece just published, on you passed –
How I lament your swan song, all aghast.

登千佛山

2016-11-13

问佛舜耕山，
稚女返流连。
才从索道上，
又借石梯前。
三冬分秋色，
八州遍齐烟。
登顶抱飞石，
气宇也苍然。

Mounting Mount Qianfo, Thousand-Buddha Mountain

November 13, 2016

We hike the mountain for Enlightened One,
My little daughter lingers 'long the way.
No sooner have we gone up cableway
Than we advance upon the steps of stone.
Three winter months take over autumn's sights,
The Eight States under heaven all mist-veiled.
Embracing rock at peak, with mountain scaled,
My girl appears possessed with new insights.

春日宅居玩赏旧作有感

2017-02-27

有案且闲弄纸墨，
万机累尽废笔舌。
何当春野行足管，
一日千里提九河。

Feelings Upon Delighting in Former Compositions at Home on a Spring Day

February 27, 2017

In leisure, I delight in penmanship;
Affairs have cast aside my authorship.
When will my legs, like pen tubes, walk on country
To write out constellations miles daily?

登茂岭山

2017-03-09

胜时拾级上茂陵，
四野溪山旷廓晴。
侧柏夹道人少迹，
飞金筛影叶余声。
良天春绿东风浪，
亭午花妍佚女娉。
只喟浮生总牍案，
饥肠不裹为劳形。

Mounting Maoling Hill

March 9, 2017

Uphill I climb. It's best time of the day.
The hills and streams are silhouetted yon.
Along the passage, rarely set foot on,
Trees sift the sunlight as they sough sway.
What blessed day! The spring is green, wind brisk –
At noon, the flowers charmingly parade.
I only sigh: in deskwork man degrades,
And feeds his famished flesh at spirits' risk.

带女儿治牙打油

2017-03-10

五花大绑上牙床，
喝笑从容慨而慷。
先前恐骇莫笑我，
今后抱朴也疏狂。

Taking Daughter to Dentist's: a Doggerel

March 3, 2010

Trussed up, I was put on the dental chair,
And giggled, for the dentist's drill prepared.
Do not make fun of me for being scared —
From now on, I'll be bold and free of care.

无　题

2016-11-01

天凉好个秋，
一上鼎山楼。
四野惟滔荡，
澄怀以转喉。

Untitled

November 1, 2016

Cool air! How lovely! Autumn comes at last;
I rise up to pavilion on Ding Heights.
And all around me, fields stretch out so vast;
With bosom pure, I warble in delight.

看梧桐

2017-04-16

日落西窗立，
千红承惠风。
韶华泽物久，
才过粉梧桐。

Beholding Sterculia

April 16, 2017

Sundown. I stand by window in the west;
The breeze makes thousand florid creatures blessed.
The time of spring's long nourished all the rest,
Save pink sterculia, which it's just caressed.

思恩师滨城受难

2017-06-12

喑守病榻想徂年，
象寄不如坐杏坛。
汝必趑趄察远信，
愿无音讯是吉言。

Imagined Words of My Dear Teacher on Sickbed

June 12, 2017

In sickbed, mute, I thought of years long gone;
With teaching, translation could not compare.
Though anxious for my news from over there;
You should but take delight in hearing none.

悼恩师四首

2017-09-11

烟缭弹指笑风声，
呷水从无废玉茗。
听酒金波事象寄，
廿年一竟汤义仍。

二指轻弹灰烬端，
双瞳注定韵词间。
悬车耋耄游万网，
鱼跃龙门赛等闲。

Mourning Dear Teacher: Four Poems

September 11, 2017

Smoke swirled from flicking fingers as you spoke;
't was water, never tea, that gladdened you.
A can of beer your Muses would invoke,
To translate works of playwright Tang Xianzu.

Your fingers on the ashtray lightly flicked,
Your gaze on rhyming lines are firmly kept.
Octogenarian, on the screen you clicked
With ease of legendary carp that lept.

三年学问姑苏地，
榕树荫泽不论人。
葱郁天然成冠盖，
阳泽普化有长根。

北上一辞才近日，
愕闻师匠去西阿。
愧得有时无迎榻，
才恸诀别去苦多。

Throughout my studies down in Gusu City,
Like banyan tree, you gave me all you shade.
Its crown is lush, a natural canopy;
Absorbing sun, with hanging roots it's lade.

In recent days, I left and went up north,
And heard the Teacher's passed off on a crane.
But now did all my parting pain gush forth,
Not having tended at his sickbed then.

再吊恩师汪榕培先生

2017-09-12

滨城震恸失耆宿，
华夏吞声悼象才。
本为文学钻语汇，
竟从云观译徂徕。
传神达意翻诗剧，
授业决疑教栋材。
才介临川出震旦，
义仍惊梦也极哀。

Mourning Dear Teacher Wang Rongpei Again

September 12, 2017

Our city's shocked to lose an honoured elder;
The nation mourns for him, a great translator.
A lexicologist for literature,
He'd pledged to translate all the Chinese scriptures.
He rendered drama, kept their spirit, and
He taught the youths to serve their motherland.
His masterwork was published right before
He left us. This all masters must deplore.

九年后再执笔涂墨四句

2018-03-24

九年墨不香，
案无宣半张。
今日示小女，
乃父非颜郎。

Quatrain Scribbled Upon Writing Calligraphy Again After Nine Years

March 24, 2018

Nine years have lapsed without the scent of ink,
No half sheet of rice paper on the table.
Today, I write for Daughter – so she'd think
Her father hasn't aged, but still is able.

微信群即兴作诗有感

2018-09-09

不是豪情不干云，
但惧诗艺辩雅人。
吟完无赏心落寞，
吟得赏来乱本心。

Thoughts Upon Improvising Poetry in a WeChat Group

September 9, 2018

Not that my prowess cannot pierce clouds through:
But arts can easily be told apart.
When none can see this, I am in the blue;
And yet, appreciation blinds my heart.

再游东吴

2018-09-16

再坐香樟下，
风起自东吴。
三年听鸟啭，
十载看云舒。
物是人不在，
身复情如初。
蝉闹心愈静，
泪眼洗归途。

Revisiting University Campus in Southeast

September 16, 2018

Once more sit I under a camphor tree;
Breeze starts to blow on campus from southeast.
In birdsong, lived I here three years to study;
Vicissitudes, for ten years, never ceased.
The campus hasn't changed, though men have parted;
The past revive, my feelings ever same.
So loud cicadas make me calm at heart;
My tears wash down the very path I came.

携女雪中访万佛洞

2019-02-14

挈幼迎春上慢坡，
琼英傲雪益婆娑。
素尘不裹癯仙味，
香透瑞花却更多。

Taking Daughter on a Visit to the Ten-Thousand-Buddha Cave

February 14, 2019

Spring now. My girl and I go up the hill
Protruding in the snow. Plum twigs enchant.
Plain dust cannot enshroud the plum's sweet scent,
Which penetrates through snow flakes, richer still.

无　题

2019-05-18

才送舒君去，
归来恨匆匆。
将别情更怯，
不敢盼朱明。

Untitled

May 18, 2019

Just now, I saw you off. Upon returning,
"Our rendez-vous was short, regretted I.
As by our parting time, I heard a yearning
To halt the sufmmer quickly coming by.

省　图

2019-05-31

琅嬛阁上读偷影，
一页翻前衔恨多。
痴等红颜花解语，
心从影下泣缘何。

Provincial Library

May 31, 2019

Le voleur d'ombres in the library —
I turn a page; my heart with woe is lade.
I cannot wait for flowers to tell me why
It bleeds with tears aside within the shade.

春　深

2019-06-08

五月春深不自觉，
出墙黄杏惹行人。
一袭风过春已漾，
朱夏再无宠幸君。

Deep Spring

June 8, 2019

It's well into the spring without me knowing,
As apricots' allure steal well beyond
The walls. But past spring's heyday, warm breeze blowing,
They soon fall out of favour, no more fond.

合欢歌

2019-06-08

木末合欢开，
听风暄妍闹。
娉婷摄魂人，
相顾浅浅笑。

Ode to the Albizia

June 8, 2019

Albizia on the branches' tips enjoy
A party to the music of the wind.
They graceful countenance captivates my mind,
Eye each another in a smile so coy.

七绝·合欢

2019-06-08

山阳闻有夜合斋，
踏步风行觅馥来。
远看佳人长伫立，
馨馧谁送费寻猜。

Seven-Character Quatrain: Albizia

June 8, 2019

I hear of blossoms blooming overnight,
And searching sweetness, clamber up the mountain.
Indeed, the sight of beauties standing still
Does make me guess: where is the fragrant fountain?

古风·思往

2019-06-12

念尔伫璃窗，
云浓夜漫长。
茂陵十里去，
一步一思往。

Missing the Past

June 12, 2019

Your lean figure leaning against the glass
Did haunt my heart for long till dawn of day.
I journey to the mountain miles apart
With you on mind, every step of the way.

苦　雨

2019-06-13

千佛承夏雨，
夜喜又清凉。
却盼山陵左，
不湿我细娘。

Pain in Rain

June 13, 2019

The Buddha Mountain bathed in summer's showers,
Which blessed the night with cool, refreshing hours.
And yet, I'd rather mountain rain had ceased
For she lives on mountain ridge's east.

苦　夏

2019-06-19

不见风云罢，
风来云更无。
天开愁夏至，
神旷盼秋舒。

Sorrow in Summer

June 19, 2019

No sight of wind-blown clouds one ever sees,
O, let alone when wind blows clouds away.
As sky clears up, comes stifling summer day;
The fall is much desired, when mind's at ease.

将　别

2019-07-02

夏雨晚来舒，
清怡漫济濡。
临窗风雀跃，
看夜霭龙凫。
却望千佛柏，
竟思五顶竹。
惊鸿将北去，
昊日我长哭。

Separation Looming

July 2, 2019

With summer rain eased up at dusk, I find
In evening air refreshing, cool delight;
My heart leaps up by windows. In the wind,
I watch cloud-dragons at the approach of night.
At Buddha Mountain's cypress gaze I forth,
And yet, bamboo appears before my eyes.
My loved one will soon leave me for the north;
Out in the sun, I let out ceaseless cries.

上孤台

2019-07-11

拾步上孤台，
芬芳暗入怀。
伊人归北去，
木槿寂然开。

Ascending a Lone Terrace

July 11, 2019

Out in nowhere, while I'm ascending forth
A terrace, a faint aroma fills my senses.
My loved one has already gone up north,
While here hibiscus blooms, unknown to men.

长相思

2019-07-17

长相思，在茂岭，
夜合欢语馥熏风，
独醉老颀松。
却惜别，往北冥，
离离原上落日红，
惆怅千里情。

I'm Longing Still

July 17, 2019

I'm longing for my love, and pining still
Upon the summit of the Maoling Hill.
In balmy night wind, sweet albizia melts,
Intoxicating old pine trees so svelte.
And yet, I hate to leave you, darling, and
Head up north towards the barren land.
A crimson setting sun upon the plain
Evokes a thousand miles of parting's pain.

夜中作

2019-07-22

夜卧沉吟不住哀，
枕边涕泣两行来。
已知沧海难为水，
才过巫山想云怀。

Composed at Midnight

July 22, 2019

I meditate in bed in ceaseless sighs,
Two lines of tears flow down by pillow side.
I know no water can dwarf the ocean
Thus my yearning for the clouds from mountain.

忆秦娥·中伏

2019-07-24

南台上，
佛山托月光如漾。
光如漾，
清辉虹影，
墨夜天旷。
拂风送暑滚朱浪，
中伏息窒生惆怅。
生惆怅，
一别梅月，
两情相忘。

Now Meridian of the Dog Days

— To the Tune of Yi Qin E

July 24, 2019

Upon the southern terrace,
The Buddha Mountain guards a glimmering moon,
It glimmers like unending ripples,
With pure light and a halo like a rainbow.
The night pitch-dark, so boundless is the sky,
That fondling breeze conveys a wave of heat,
And stifling air makes melancholy simmer.
It simmers on and on,
Till plum rain season's past,
And love becomes oblivion.

卜算子·夜雨

2019-07-26

夜静望遥穹，
夏雨冲云影。
原爱丰泽洗电眸，
尽醉人独醒
今却恨珠玑，
乱瓦敲心冷。
最恐茕茕伫北窗，
寂寞思如涌

Night Rain

— To the Tune of Bu Suan Zi

July 26, 2019

Up in the firmament in the quiet of the night,
The summer rain dilutes the traces of clouds.
I once have loved the flushing storms and lightenings
Which drove all to their dreams except for me.
But now I do resent the pitter-patters,
Which in a chaos beats upon my sad heart.
The worst of all, I fear to stand by windows
Where loneliness will inundate my mind.

晚适泗河防汛堤

2019-08-12

向晚难消夏，
南踱去泗游。
星垂长夜阔，
月涌大河流。
晚籁听人语，
秋光照木舟。
一声嗟叹罢，
感世岂足休。

Dusk on the Si River Dyke

August 12, 2019

The day is dusking. Summer's heat confounds me;
I southwards pace, and by the river stroll.
Starlights suspend, the long night sees no boundary;
Moon surges out, the giant river rolls.
Admidst night's murmurs come men's utterances.
The autumn's aura gilds the wood canoes.
I heave a moment's sigh in grievances,
My heart, as ever, heavy with the world's woes.

悼王公宏印

2019-12-19

赤笔丹青树帜功，
百族译典画将成。
云天艳羡中原事，
竟请朱墨上紫宫。

Elegy to Mr. Wang Hongyin, a Master Translator

December 19, 2019

O, what a true historic feat he's done;
A hundred tribes are now in good translation!
Yet Heaven, jealous of the gifted one,
Did snatch him when his work was near completion.

怀北五绝句

2020-02-13

月影西斜默不言，
怡红传信看婵娟。
夜沉应共君深寐，
异域同眠三月天。

再唤颜郎混泪目，
影踪历历忆前春。
此生不与侬濡沫，
来世持约举案宾。

Four Quatrains upon Nostalgia

February 13, 2020

My distant confidante, can you but see
The shady moon is westering wordlessly?
But sleep, and sink into the depth of night,
We are united by the selfsame sky.

Please call my name no more. Tears blurred my eyes,
The shadows of our past all flashing by.
Fare well for what's remaining of this life,
For we'll reincarnate as man and wife.

长锁幽阁避疫遥，
伊人临牖问天高。
冬寒难止溪边柳，
春化春冰自绿绦。

怡人一去归秦燕，
春梦难遂常自宽。
山水相别成异域，
月星齐侔是同天。

With virus out, we're cloistered away. My love
By window wonders at the sky above.
Though winter checks the willows bare and lank,
Come spring, she'll see them green throughout the bank.

Just like a bird, you'll be gone with the wind,
Then all alone, what wonder could I find?
Though oceans apart, I will not go insane;
When moon and stars are out, we'll meet again.

中宵思

2020-02-25

入夜沉沉孤月沦，
宵床辗转念舒人。
多情难况花间事，
老死不听月下琴。

At Midnight

February 25, 2020

Moon sinks into the bosom of the deep,
Mere thought of you in mind dispels my sleep.
O, how I mourn your absence from my prime,
That when I'm old, I'll shun all lovers' rhyme.

译后感

是的，不能再拖了。答应给老师翻译的古体诗，足足拖了一年多才译好。在此感谢老师的宽容和耐心、自己的坚持、母亲的支持，和外祖父母的殷切期盼。

我与颜海峰老师素未谋面，相识却有一段有趣的故事。我自大一起开始试译中国古诗，从散体到韵体，再到无韵格律体；也曾模仿前人的译笔，经过积累和总结，形成了自己的风格。最初译诗是为了准备毕业论文，然而论文题目最后还是改了，只留下了一些未经提炼的心得，和对诗歌的感性认识。然而至今每逢好诗，仍会按捺不住，跃跃欲试。

也许是缘分吧，有一次在微信里看到公众号“典籍英译研究”，索性将试译的清代袁枚的《苔》投了出去，随即收到了颜老师的回复。老师友好地鼓励我，说译得不错，让我

Translator's Postscript

No, no more delays. The English translation of these classical poems I promised for Mr. Yan has taken more than a year now. Here I would like to convey my most sincere gratitude to Brent for his kind forbearance and patience, to my mother for her loving support, and to my grandparents for their eager expectations, as well I would like to give myself a pat on the back for my own perseverance.

I have never met Mr. Yan face-to-face, but how we met was rather interesting. I started trying my hands on translating ancient Chinese poems in freshman year; like many other young Chinese students, I carefully imitated the rhyming styles of some Chinese translators before me; first into free verse translations, then into blank verse. As I gained more experience and my understanding slowly crystallized, I started to acquire and establish my own style. I first decided to translate these poems with the intention to prepare for my graduation thesis which was four years later; although I eventually changed the topic of my thesis, through the translation practices I have inadvertently gained some perceptual knowledge of poetry. In fact, to this day my heart still leaps up whenever I come upon a good poem and cannot wait to try my hands on translating it.

Perhaps it was serendipity that one day I came across a channel on Chinese social media Wechat called "English Translation of Chinese Classics," to whose editor I then submitted my own translation of Moss, an epigram by Yuan Mei from the Qing Dynasty, and, before I knew it, I received a reply from Mr. Yan. In his reply Mr. Yan was quite affable with all his encouraging words, and he added me as a friend on Wechat. Mr. Yan also compiled several of my translated poems into a single document, which

加他微信以便交流。颜老师将我的几首译诗编成文档发在译友群中，群里的老师们随即给我点赞、指点和鼓励。虽然我那时的译诗还十分稚嫩，但老师们的鼓励对我一直铭记在心。那一天，从早到晚，我心里一直美滋滋的。

那时正值二零一八年的国庆长假，我和家人分享了老师们的鼓励之后，他们也很欣慰。就在那天晚上，颜老师给我发了几首古体诗，并询问我有没有兴趣翻译，将来出版。我那时并不知道诗是谁写的，但看了以后还是立马答应了。后来才得知，这些诗是颜老师从小到大的作品，希望与我合译，译好后汇编成册并予以出版。这一切来得太突然，令我兴奋不已。

译诗的过程有苦有乐。首先译诗是一门体力活，案牍劳形，苦的是身体；与此同时，译诗也是一种精神享受，我喜欢直面来自文字的挑战。因为无知所以无畏，我没有大学者、大教授的理论“条框”，反而如初生牛犊，迎难而上，每有所得，乐在心田。

he posted in a chatroom he had created for Chinese translation aficionados, and before long came a flood of encomia, advice, and encouragements from several members, most of whom are English teachers in China. Although my translations were all but inchoate, the teachers' encouragements meant much to me. They really made my day.

It just so happened to be the National Day holidays, so I passed the teachers' generous encourangements to my family. That evening, Mr. Yan sent me a few classical poems which he wondered if I could help with translating for future publication. Though I had no idea at the time of these poems' authorship, I replied at once that I was more than happy to do it. Only subsequently did I find out that these poems were in fact of Mr. Yan's own works from childhood to the present, which he had generously consigned to me, demonstrating his great trust in my translation. This honour came all so suddenly and the prospect of seeing my own translations in print brought great elation.

My journey of translating poetry has been a bittersweet pilgrimage. It was to me a physically demanding art that entails a considerable amount of desk work, straining with both brain and brawn; while at the same time I found it exceedingly satisfying as I enjoyed tackling new challenges of languages and words head on. In my case, ignorance surely was a bliss: I was not bound by any theoretical "fetters" as might have been for some scholars and professors. Instead, I was driven to "take the bull by the horns" with a blind courage that only a novice could have, riding on the waves of joy whenever I came up with a good line.

"The coining of a term in translation comes as a result of ten days' or even a months' painstaking deliberation," famously states Yan Fu, the eminent early Chinese translator of the Western classics. I had been translating poetry every single day for two

严复说过:“一名之立,旬月踟橱”。当时我译诗已有两年,每逢译得起劲,就会干到深更半夜,甚至通宵。然而那时正是大三学年,学校课程安排紧张,每天到了晚上十一、二点已是筋疲力尽,所以翻译老师的诗,从每天一首,到几天一首,又拖到寒假再译,译起来一拖再拖,足足拖了一年有余,才算大功告成。

然而,就是在这“拖”的过程中,我反而有机会重读这些译诗,并随着自己经验的积累和语言水平的提高,挑出了不少颇为“低级”的错误,其中包括语法错误、用词不当、句法不成熟、中式英语,以及各种奇形怪状、难以名状的错误,我想这大概正是由于我没有受过正规译诗理论训练所致。况且颜老师给我的古体诗共有一百余首,每首都自成一格,译笔若千篇一律,岂不成了自己拙劣的“杜撰”?怀着“不放心”的态度,在正本诗集译完之后,我又从头到尾读了两遍,总算勉强定稿。

在此,我要感谢颜老师一路上对我的耐心与关爱。我的

years then, and whenever I found myself in the mood for doing more translations, I would work well into midnight, at times staying awake till dawn. However, I was already in my junior year when I started on Mr. Yan's poems, and my school schedule was nothing but hectic. After a busy day on the run, I would be totally exhausted by eleven or twelve o'clock. So the pace of translating went from one piece a day to one in every few days, and eventually it dragged on until winter holidays··· only to find myself reluctantly finalizing the manuscript after more than a year had slipped by.

Yet curiously and fortuitously, it was these very delays that allowed me to reread my translations and, as I grew more and more proficient in English and adept at translation, I spotted quite an assortment of "juvenile" gaffes or even blunders that only a "rookie" translator could have committed, such as grammar errors, awkward lexical choices, juvenile syntax, phrases of "Chinglish," as well as other varieties of grotesque manifestations likely resulting from my lack of formal theoretical background in poetry translation. To make matters more complicated, each of the over one hundred poems Mr. Yan had consigned to me was composed in a style of its own, and should I render them all in the same vein, with my own so-called "signature style," wouldn't I be turning out something of my own travesties instead of faithful "reincarnations" of them? With such self-doubts gnawing at me, after the conclusion of the entire project I compelled myself to read through all the pieces twice before finalizing the manuscript.

I hereby would like to thank Mr. Yan, who has given me the greatest patience and consideration that a student could only fancy in his dreams, and his tolerance for all my follies and sluggishness. Due to my dubious grasp of classical Chinese language, I had to consult him each time a difficulty arose with terms and phrases, no matter how trivial; sometimes I even had to ask him to translate

古汉语基础不好，每逢遇到诗中难词难句，就必须请教老师，甚至要请老师译成白话。而老师一直乐于为我解惑，在方便的翻译的同时，也提高了我的古汉语水平。也正是颜老师介绍我给美国《诗殿堂》双语杂志投稿，并从中锻炼了我的翻译能力和文字工作能力。两年以来，在与各位老师的切磋交流中，我曾因译诗观念和风格上的转变，以及一些较为个人化的看法，而屡屡言辞激烈，甚至对某些作品大加批评。所幸老师和长辈念及我年少无知，对我呵护有加，才没有追究到底。在此我想说一声对不起，对于诸位老师和长辈的大家风度，后生晚辈一直记在心里，在今后我也要注意，做事避免偏激和极端。而且，在我收到哈佛大学的录取信之后，颜老师和译家石永浩老师、史潘荣老师在群里发红包表示庆祝，令我倍感温暖。自己的译诗至今仍然差强人意，只是长辈的提携和鼓励，让我走到了今天。

多年以来，师长对我的关爱已经够多，因此我决定将此诗集中的译文献给他们中的每一位。首先献给我的母亲，感

an entire poem into the vernacular just for the sake of my understanding. He was always more than willing to clarify my doubts with exhaustive elucidations, which extended my comprehension of the profound letters of our Chinese forebears. It was also Mr. Yan who referred me to Poetry Hall, an American bilingual poetry journal where I had the opportunity to perfect my translation and editing abilities. During two years of comparing notes with teachers in the chat room and a change in my views on how some Chinese translators rendered poetry, I once vented some very personal opinions which later snowballed into blatant criticisms. It was these same teachers who did not take it to heart, but only "blamed it on my being a fledgling," and kindly forgave me. Here I would like to express my most sincere apologies, as I remember these teachers' magnanimity towards me for all my lack of respect and humility, which I will seek to avoid in the future. Also, my heartfelt gratitudes to Mr. Yan, Mr. Shi Yonghao, and Mr. Shi Panrong, who gave out Chinese "lucky money" in the chat room upon hearing the news of my acceptance by Harvard University. While my translations of these poems are as yet far from perfect, it is due to these teachers' kind help and encouragements that I have made this far today.

Through all these years, I have received too much loving care from my elderlies and mentors, to whom I feel most indebted, and to whom I would like to dedicate my humble translations in this anthology. These elderlies include, first and foremost, my mother, the only person who has never given up on me even at the darkest moments in my life, but instead supported me financially and emotionally through all my adversities and illnesses, unfallingly placing her faith and confidence in me even when I myself had given up. Many thanks to my grandmother, my grandfather, and all of my family; teachers, schoolmates, and friends, of past and present, Chinese and international, for their abiding tolerance

谢她在我人生中的至暗时刻不离不弃，悉心照料，即使我自己绝望，她也一直对我满怀信心。同时也献给我的外祖母、外祖父以及所有家人，以及与我同行的国内外的老师、同学、朋友，感谢他们一直以来对我的包容和关照。最后，谨在此将我的译诗献给本诗集的作者颜海峰老师。是颜老师给了我参与翻译的机会，能为老师译诗是我的荣幸。

谢　利

2020.03.09

of my immaturity. Last but not least, I would like to dedicate my translations to Mr. Yan, author of this anthology, who generously granted me this opportunity to translate his works into English. It has been an honour and privilege.

Li Xie
March 9, 2020
Translated by Li Xie